

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC UP. Violent music. Music for murders.

On TV - Air Force One lands at a Middle Eastern airport.

An Arab General greets the US President - the President inspects troops with PRINCE MOHAMMED AL BAQTAR - the President and the First Lady at a state banquet.

The channel hops to SPORTS, TALK-SHOWS, MOVIES, PORN.

The room is expensive corporate chic. On the king-size, two MEN lie side by side. Naked.

DUKE (late 20s), heavy-set, facial scar, and tattoos, wears a square band-aid on his ankle. Rolls a joint, takes a hit.

DUKE
Who you wanna call?

Passes it to CALE (late 20s), lean, groomed - reading the White Pages.

CALE
Just looking.

Cal e blows perfect smoke rings up to the ceiling.

DUKE
You freak me out with that shit.

CALE
Passing time.

Duke mixes a multi-minutes cocktail and swirls it around like mouthwash. Grabs the White Pages off him.

DUKE
S A Lawrence?

CALE
Glendale 818 449 3276 or Redwood
408 557 0203?

DUKE
I need to fuck.

Cal e takes a rubber out of a drawer and tears open the pack.

CALE
I'm there.

The bathroom door opens. Two CUBAN GIRLS about 20 years old walk in. They're naked too.

They crawl up under the cover - their puppy fat asses sticking out like coffee colored peaches.

EXT. CALIFORNIA - OJAI - NIGHT

A sports-car convertible powers around hairpin curves, its headlights pointing the way like twin light sabers.

On either side, the road falls away to desert and rocks and the black thorny shapes of scrub plants and bushes.

AUBRIE SUKER'S blonde hair billows out behind. This is better than sex.

But the smile goes when she turns into Bayeux Drive.

A DOG lies dying at the bottom of the steep road.

She brakes and jumps out. It's a WHITE ALSATIAN. Blood stains its coat and spreads over the road.

A WOMAN'S voice calls out from a house set back on the right.

WOMAN (O. S.)
Will I am? Will I am? Come on, boy.

Aubrie reads the disc on the dog's collar: WILLIAM.

AUBRIE
Over here!

WOMAN (O. S.)
Hello?

AUBRIE
Over here. Out on the road.

The WOMAN comes, walking at first, then running.

WOMAN
Oh Jesus.

AUBRIE
I didn't hit him. I swear. I turned up off Canyon and he was -

WOMAN
Oh God, no, he's bleeding. My baby.

AUBRIE
I didn't hit him. I just got here.

WOMAN
My baby's dying. He needs help.

AUBRIE
I live just up the way. I can -

The woman points back toward the house on the right.

WOMAN
Go to my house. Please. Call the vet.

AUBRIE
I have my cell.

WOMAN
The number's by the phone. Under V.

Aubrie hesitates at the gate -

AUBRIE
He was already in the road.

She goes up to the house. There is a black TRUCK parked on the drive. Lights are on inside the house.

She reaches the door. It's open.

AUBRIE
Anybody home? Hello-o.

She can see the phone just down the hallway. She picks it up and flips the book next to it open at V.

A MAN stands in the kitchen doorway watching her. He wears a black ski mask pulled halfway down his face. The facial scar marks him as Duke. She's startled.

DUKE
Put the phone down.

The woman comes in and closes the front door behind her. This is MALENA (20s). She has the Alsatian on a lead. He's unharmed, and GROWLING.

Duke puts the silencer of a pistol to Aubrie's temple.

DUKE
Put it down. And take off your clothes.

Her eyes fix on the dog's bared fangs. The string of saliva stretching SLOW-MO to the hall carpet.

CALE steps into the hallway from behind Duke. He wears all black, and is half-masked.

CALE
Do as he says, and you'll live
through this.

Malena takes the dog into another room.

CALE
You'll get invited to all the best
parties to tell your harrowing
tale. Just follow instructions.
Take off your clothes.

Sobbing, she strips to her underwear.

CALE
I don't want to fuck you so put
that shit out of your head. That's
far enough.

Malena returns - naked, apart from a long blonde wig. And a band-aid just above her neatly trimmed pubes.

CALE
Cut yourself shaving?

MALENA
There are some things even I don't
show.

CALE
I hope you're not concealing a
weapon.

MALENA
I am a weapon.

She takes Aubrie's discarded clothes and slips them on. A size too big, but hey, she'll be 35 too one day.

CALE
(to Aubrie)
One last thing, ma'am. The shut
down code?

INT. 47 BAYEUX - NIGHT

A centerfold from a home decor magazine. Paintings from the art-world's C-list. State-of-the-art HOME SECURITY SYSTEMS.

JOHN SUKER (late 30s) is so slick he's almost a parody.

He selects fancy crudites from the refrigerator. A monitor shows CCTV views around his house. A computer tracks and monitors his movements.

EXT. 47 BAYEUX - NIGHT

Malena drives the sports car up to the gate, looking like some Stepford clone of Aubrie. She zaps the remote, and enters. Cameras capture her arrival.

INT. 47 BAYEUX - SAME

John Suker watches the gates close behind his wife's car as she drives into the compound.

When he leaves the kitchen, his wristband resets the alarm in the kitchen. A zone panel shows the alarm is only off in the room he moves into.

He watches a nature documentary on a giant plasma. A pride of lionesses close in on an isolated gazelle.

Behind Suker, four BLACK-CLAD FIGURES move silently through the house. They wear ski masks. Invaders.

The alarm panel shows every zone of the house is OFF.

A lioness leaps onto the gazelle. Duke pokes a gun into Suker's face.

DUKE

Don't scream, don't cry, don't breathe. Just listen.

Cal e steps into Suker's eye-line.

CALE

That sensation in your ass like you no longer control your own shit?
It's normal. It will pass.

As he speaks, he attaches micro sensors to Suker's key pulse points.

CALE
 But only when our truck outside is
 completely full of everything
 inside this house.

He plugs the sensor wires into a palm-held device.

CALE
 When your Security Company calls,
 your voice will be stressed
 monitored. You need to have an
 anxiety rating under three.

He pushes Duke's gun away from Suker's head.

CALE
 Clear? Yes?

SUKER
 Yes.

CALE
 Good. We're communicating. The more
 you communicate, the longer you
 live.

On TV, the lionesses tear huge chunks of flesh from the dead gazelle.

INT. 47 BAYEUX - LATER

Suker practices a word.

SUKER
 Walaby... Wa... Walaby.

Cal reads his watch.

SUKER
 Walaby... Walaby... Walaby.

DUKE
 He sounds like a pussy.

CALE
 Tell me you don't whine like that
 when you're dealing million dollar
 bonds?

DUKE
 He's going to fuck up.

CALE

Mr. Suker? John? This nice white marble tile giving you got is not designed for blood. Help me keep you alive.

Suker's voice loses the tremble of fear, and gains a much needed air of authority.

SUKER

Wal laby . . . Wal laby . . . Wal laby.

The telephone RINGS.

CALE

Wait. After three.

Suker picks up on Cal e's signal.

SUKER

John Suker speaking . . . It's a false alarm. Yes, my security password is wal laby. Thank you.

On Cal e's palm-held device, the ANXIETY MONITOR gives a final readout of 2.8.

CALE

Number nineteen is good to go.

Suker is frog-marched through the house. He opens safes.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Aubrie bound and gagged, guarded by the Alsatian.

EXT. BAYEUX DRIVE - NIGHT

A TRUCK drives through the gates to the Suker house.

INT. 47 BAYEUX - NIGHT

Diamonds, jewelry, valuables are stashed in black bags.

Suker sobs. Two black-clad figures go past with the giant plasma screen TV.

EXT. 47 BAYEUX - NIGHT

Malena waits outside in the sports car. The DRIVER of the TRUCK is KOVIC.

He opens the back to reveal a huge empty space with special packing materials and cargo nets. The engine is running.

The four INVADERS run from the house, laden with booty.

Suddenly, ANOTHER TRUCK screeches across the entrance to 47 Bayeaux, blocking any exit.

Red dot laser sights pinpoint their targets.

MALE VOICE
(over Loudspeaker)
Put your weapons down and lay on
the floor with your hands behind
your heads.

Kovic OPENS FIRE at the new Truck. The four Invaders backtrack into the house.

SILENCED bullets riddle Kovic. Malena runs to the house but is SHOT DEAD.

INT. 47 BAYEAX

The Invaders burst back into the house.

The masks come off. Cale is cool and collected. Duke is boiling over. The other two men are GORAM and MAYS, a Gulf War vet and an ex-Jock who never made the grade.

The men drop duffel bags filled with stolen goods into a neat row, then unload weapons from their backpacks. They have fully automatic machine pistols with multi-clips.

Except for Cale. He packs zero fire-power. No gun.

The lights go out.

DUKE
How the fuck?

He grabs the bound and gagged Suker. Wrenches the frightened man to his feet.

Mays and Goram check the windows.

GORAM
They're moving in.

CALE
Who's moving in?

MAYS
All sides.

DUKE
He tipped them off. Is he wired?

GORAM
I don't see any blue lights.

MAYS
Feds.

DUKE
Did you check if he's wired? Did anybody look if the motherfucker's wearing a wire?

Suker - terrified - frantically shakes his head.

DUKE
Don't fucking move.

Duke PISTOL-WHIPS Suker, rearranging his nose into a Picasso expression.

CALE
You're the only one wired.

MAYS
They popped Malena in the back.
She's all shot to shit.

DUKE
Who's out there? Who? Who?

He RIIPS the tape off Suker's mouth. The man groans.

SUKER
Don't shoot me. Please. I didn't do anything.

DUKE
Who the fuck is killing my people?

He RAMS his gun into Suker's head.

CALE
We've got a hostage. We've got time
to work this out.

DUKE
Piece of shit.

CALE
No.

Duke SHOOTS Suker.

Silence, both of sound and movement. Cale watches the pool of blood grow wider around Suker's demolished head.

Duke's shoulders sag. He shrinks. His anger is gone.

CALE
We never shot anyone before.

DUKE
We never got shot at before.

Goram lets loose a volley of machine-gun fire, frustration more than marksmanship.

DUKE
I done jail. I've done with it. You know I can't go down again.

Shadows pass the windows outside. Duke throws Cale a GUN.

DUKE
We shoot our way out.

Cale throws the gun back.

CALE
No.

DUKE
(to the others)
Are we ready?

CALE
This is not a good plan.

The red lines of LASER SIGHTS slice through the darkness, seeking warm, breathing, targets.

DUKE
Didn't we have the best times?

CALE
A blast.

Duke smiles. Then RUNS - SHOOTING, ROARING, CRASHING through the floor-to-ceiling windows - glass shatters, he flies out into the night.

BULLETS spray into the house. Cale, Goram and Mays hit the deck.

The shooting STOPS.

MALE VOICE
(over Loudspeaker)
This is your final warning. Throw down your weapons.

Cale crawls to the window and steals a glance outside.

MALE VOICE
Put your hands behind your head and walk slowly out of the building.

Duke lies face-down in the grass. A SWAT type guy checks his vitals.

SWAT
This one's dead.

EXT. 47 BAYEUX - NIGHT

Unarmed, Cale, Goram and Mays step out, hands behind heads. Arc-lights hit them. The men blink.

SWAT figures step out of the shadows.

POV from Cale as dark figures surround them, guns pointed, itchy fingers on light triggers.

TWO SHOTS. Goram crumples to the ground.

TWO MORE - and MAYS joins him in the blood and dirt.

CALE
Wait...

The butt of a gun SMASHES into Cale's face.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

A peaceful, white, sanctuary.

Cale in bed, his head bound with bandages. His shoulder patched with a dressing.

A NURSE (20s) tends him and feeds him. There are no sounds.

CALE' S POV of the room:

Fancy equipment hooked up to his arm. No window.

The nurse is attractive and athletic. His eyes fix on her every detail. She has an animal grace.

She curls into an armchair - reading. The book is The Gold Coast by Nelson De Mille.

She has good legs. Her white court shoes are uncomfortably new. There is a makeup smudge on the collar of her uniform.

The upside-down time on her watch is ten after three. Her name-badge reads MISS L. SEWELL.

CALE
What's the L for?

She looks up from her book.

LOUISA
Louisa.

CALE
You got a cigarette?

LOUISA
This is a hospital.

CALE
Sure it is.

LOUISA
I'm your nurse.

CALE
Not in those shoes.

She presses a RED BUTTON on the wall.

LOUISA
How does your head feel?

CALE
What's that?

LOUISA
The doctors will want to do some tests now that you're awake.

CALE
Tests?

LOUI SA
Psyche evaluations. Memory
analysis.

CALE
You're hot.

LOUI SA
Is there any pain?

CALE
You're making my dick hard.

LOUI SA
It's a simple question.

CALE
And I want a simple answer.

LOUI SA
To what?

CALE
To what flavor shit this is.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Four bare walls, a door, a table, two chairs, a mirror.

Cal e faces the mirror with a canvas bag over his head.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - SAME

MADDOX (30s) watches Cal e from behind the mirror.

He's the kind of man who seems to fill whatever space he's in. He has presence.

People are quiet around him. Like you wouldn't shout with a lion nearby.

He lights a cigarette and exits.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Cal e turns from the mirror to meet the sound of the door opening.

MADDOX
I'm Special Agent Maddox. Your
friends are dead. Goram, Mays,
Kovic, Malena, and your old buddy
Duke... all dead.

Maddox whips the canvas bag off Cale and sits opposite.

MADDOX

I'm sincerely not your friend. You have something I want. When I get it, you will have the rest of your life to thank God you gave it me.

Cale's head bandages have gone. In their place he wears a deep scar on his forehead.

MADDOX

This is where you get to speak. Your basic Q and A. We can be done in twenty minutes. Coffee?

CALE

I'd prefer a lawyer.

MADDOX

You stole \$129 million in art and valuables over two years. You've been smart. Sometimes very smart. I respected that. Respect this. Smart sits on my side of the table now. Colombian blend, hold the cream, one spoon of Splenda.

A SECOND MAN brings them coffee then leaves. Maddox waits for the door to close. Cale takes the offered cigarette.

MADDOX

We smoke the same brand.

Maddox takes out a Manila envelope, a notebook and pen.

CALE

The guy Suker - he wasn't supposed to - it wasn't in the plan. Killing folks was never in the plan.

MADDOX

You think I give a shit about killing folks?

Cale tries to stare him out but concedes.

MADDOX

I'll show you a photograph. You'll tell me what it means.

He takes a PHOTO out of the envelope and slides it over to Cale. The shot shows Malena, dead on an autopsy slab.

There is a TATTOO near her crotch, where the band-aid was. The tattoo is an intricate block of numbers, from 0 to 9, four rows of five.

CALE
I don't understand the question.

MADDOX
Look closer. 20 numbers.

He slides a second photo over. Goram on the slab, dead. And again, there is the number tattoo on his back.

MADDOX
Take your time. Different numbers.

He slides a third photo across. Kovac. Dead. With a tattoo.

CALE
Is it something the coroner does
for kicks?

Another photograph, Mays, dead, slab, tattoo.

MADDOX
What does it mean?

CALE
I don't know.

He slides across the final photo. Duke, dead, slab, tattoo on his ankle.

MADDOX
When you tell me what it means, you
can have all the things you stole.

CALE
Everything?

MADDOX
Except for one small item.

CALE
What?

MADDOX
Something worth more than \$129
million. Worth killing anyone who
stops me getting it.

CALE
I can't tell you.

MADDOX

Be in no confusion. If this conversation terminates now, so do you. No thirty day approval. No consultation with a lawyer. No constitutional right.

CALE

I can't tell you exactly. I need more time. 48 hours.

MADDOX

You fuck with me, you die. I can't say it any plainer.

CALE

"Fuck with me and die." It's one word less.

Maddox drops his cigarette in Cal's coffee.

MADDOX

24 hours.

He gets up and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Louisa puts a tray of food down for Cal.

On the plate: beef, potatoes, peas, gravy, a bread roll, plastic bottle of water and a plastic cup.

He lifts the SPORK: a cross between a knife/fork/spoon, as seen in all the best penitentiary canteens.

Cal opens the water - drains it - pushes away the tray.

LOUISA

You haven't eaten since you woke.

CALE

I don't do beef.

INT. IBP MEATPACKING FACTORY, NEBRASKA (FLASHBACK)

The rubber work boots of a YOUNGER CALE and a SUPERVISOR walk through the factory.

JUMP CUTS as the Supervisor leads him through the different processes.

Fatty parts and intestines line the floor. The roar of heavy cutting instruments and electric knives.

SUPERVISOR (O. S.)
Watch your step on the guts, son.

Ankle deep in blood. The SOUND of heavy CHAINSAWS.

SUPERVISOR (O. S.)
You wanna puke? No? Puke in your boots, you gotta puke. State Hygiene on my ass.

The boots step out of the blood and onto a metal grid walkway.

A GUY with his back to us. He wears a white rubber overall splattered with blood. He stands at the business end of a cattle conveyor.

A gate opens, a STEER walks into a narrow pen, the guy lifts a heavy BOLT GUN, and shoots it in the head. Two other men wrap chains around its ankles.

The dead STEER is hoisted up onto a high level track along where it dangles onwards into the bowels of the factory to emerge later that day as ground beef. The whole process takes eight seconds.

The guy raises the BOLT GUN. Looks over his shoulder. It's a younger Duke.

SUPERVISOR
This is the new guy.

DUKE
Welcome to the fun-house.

INT. HI-TECH OFFICE (NOW)

Low light, no windows, banks of monitors, racks of hard-drives, cables, keyboards, encyclopedias and reference manuals.

Three CODE TECHS at workstations. Maddox holds the center of the cramped office. One giant screen shows an extreme blow-up of the TATTOO on the dead Duke's leg.

MADDOX
What have we got?

The Code Tech's pull up images to illustrate their investigations. Graphs of phone directories searching.

CODE TECH #1
What have we not got. We've not got
a telephone number.

Excerpts from the Bible...

CODE TECH #2
New and old testaments draw zero.
Like wise Koran.

A military map with moving lines targeting the map ref...

CODE TECH #3
Map references put you in the ocean
most times.

A chart where each letter of the alphabet is represented by a number value from 1 to 9. The possible words made by the letters read as gibberish.

CODE TECH #1
Alphabetic translation gives
nothing. I've tried 116 languages.
Even Klingon.

A photograph and personal details of a Chinese man.

CODE TECH #3
As ISP addresses, we've got a Barry
Manilow fan-site in Taiwan, and kid
in Agoura Hills selling celebrity
dog-shit.

CODE TECH #1
What?

CODE TECH #3
He follows movie-stars walking
their dogs and picks up the poop
which you can order on-line.
Designer doggie-doo.

#1 thinks that's funny.

A montage of worldwide telephone directories...

CODE TECH #2
Foreign telcos...

Game pieces...

CODE TECH #1
And Mah Jong scores.

Si gni fi cant dates and world newspaper headl i nes.

CODE TECH #2
Si gni fi cant dates.

A mug-shot of a pri soner

CODE TECH #1
Pri soner numbers. Nada.

CODE TECH #2
Tri angul ati ons.

CODE TECH #3
Li brary codes.

MADDOX
I hate this pri ck.

INT. HOSPI TAL ROOM

Cal e wears whi te T-shi rt and sweatpants. He has a SOFT CRAYON.

A FLASH FRAME of the NUMBER TATT00 on Duke' s ankl e.

He draws the two l i nes of 10 numbers, l arge, on the wal l .

FLASH FRAME of the number tattoo on Mal ena' s crotch.

He draws them out underneath.

FLASH FRAMES of Goram, Mays, and Kovi c.

Now the number grid he' s drawing i s complete. Ten rows of ten numbers.

Louisa works on a CROSSWORD PUZZLE. At f i rst, she doesn' t take much notice. Then she real i zes -

LOUISA
You' re doi ng that from memory?

CALE
I know.

LOUISA
How?

CALE
It' s a curse. I never forget a number. Faces change. Numbers stay the same.

On TV - it's constant news. THE US PRESIDENT shaking hands with an ISRAELI politician.

An ARAB religious leader giving an interview.

ARAB LEADER

The friend of your enemy can only be your enemy.

The smiling ANCHORWOMAN changes tack to Business.

ANCHORWOMAN

A nervous day on Wall street saw the Dow Jones close 34 points down.

Cal e, sat at the edge of the bed, stares at the number grid.

INT. VIEWING ROOM

Maddox watches Cal e via CCTV. Another MAN is with Maddox.

MADDOX

He's putting on a show. He knows what the numbers mean. He's not even looking at them. He's looking past them. Thinks he's ahead of the game. The arrogance is astonishing.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Cal e walking around the room now - but with his EYES CLOSED.

His feet, pigeon-stepping from one wall to another. Stubbing his toes. Adjusting his steps. Counting to himself.

Louisa notes his odd behavior.

CALE

You got a boyfriend? Forget I asked. That was rude. Of course not. You work double shifts.

He stubs his toe on a wall. Takes a pigeon step back.

LOUISA

My private life is what it is. Why are you walking around with your eyes shut?

CALE

So I can find my way to the bathroom at night.

LOUI SA
Just sit tight till we say you can leave.

CALE
What's to stop me leaving right now?

LOUI SA
Everything.

He makes a sudden move for the door.

She bars his way.

He moves to push her aside, but she deflects his arm, unbalances him, and PITCHES HIM on his ass with some martial arts moves.

He wipes a speck of blood off his nose.

A beat, then...

CALE
Ninja nurse. Cool.

She helps him to his feet. They stand toe to toe. Their eyes connect. She breaks the brief spell and turns back to her seat. Though nothing happened, something did.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Cal e sl eeps.

A new MINDER sits across the room. Male, massive, mean looking. Cal e greets the new face without really stirring.

CALE
You my attorney?

MINDER
I 'm your night carer.

CALE
You don't look the caring kind.

MINDER
I have skills.

CALE
Let me guess - euthanasia.

MI NDER

I hit a guy once. He was calling me names. On account of my size. His brain bounced around. Inside his skull. He don't remember nothing. Not his name. Or what had happened. I feed him. He forgets what he's chewing. Spits it out. Puts it in his pocket. For later. 'case he remembers. Only he never does.

CALE

What do you like to be called?

MI NDER

James.

CALE

Good night, James.

James checks his watch.

8 hours go by.

BOLTS slide in the door. Louisa replaces James. Cale opens an eye ever so slightly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Louisa concentrates on her crossword. Cale isn't in the room. She glances over to the door-less entrance to the bathroom.

CALE (O. S.)

How much does a nurse make? 15? 25?

The toilet FLUSHES o. s.

CALE (O. S.)

You being a Kung Fu nurse, maybe more. Maybe 35.

Cale does pull-ups in the doorway between the bedroom and the bathroom.

A slight crack appears between the wall and the ceiling above the doorway where he exercises.

CALE

Maybe money is no object. Maybe you're Maddox's bitch. Is he watching?

Looks to the CCTV camera in the corner of the room.

CALE
Does he like to watch you with
other men?

POV FROM THE CCTV CAMERA as Cale reaches up to inspect it.

LOUISA
Please get down.

CALE
This isn't good. Who installed
this?

He stands under the camera. It whirs to point downwards but
can't angle to see him.

CALE
I can get you 25% discount on a
system that'll give 100% more
security. And no monthly fee.

When she turns to him with the hint of a smile, he mouths the
word HELP.

Her smile disappears. She glances at the RED BUTTON on the
wall. Then reconsiders. She hands him her crossword and pen.

LOUISA
Help me.

He steps back to the bed, and sits down. But he's not
relaxing. No. Every fiber of his body is keened for signals.

CALE
Crazy bear's weapon five letters?
Crazy means the next word is an
anagram. Something the same as
weapon, or is a weapon. Bears, B E
A R S. Mix 'em up and you get...

LOUISA
Saber.

CALE
Top of the class.

LOUISA
You like puzzles?

CALE
Right now, I'm working on two.

LOUI SA
Breaking the code?

A nod from Cale. He continues with the crossword.

LOUI SA
And how to get out of this room?

He shakes his head.

CALE
No. Two is what's a lady like you
doing baby-sitting me? Shouldn't
you be working in PR, or producing
a movie, or posing for Penthouse?

LOUI SA
You don't want to get out of here?

CALE
I've already figured it out. It
might not work. But I'm worth a
dollar on the nose.

LOUI SA
Your every move is being watched.
The door and casing are metal. The
lock bolts the sides and 4 corners.

He hands her the crossword back, and stands by the door.

LOUI SA
Pen?

CALE
The Fort Billings Quattro Lock
door. 17 security features. One
weakness.

He puts the metal PEN into the LOCK, jams it in, and snaps it off. The LOCK is now BLOCKED.

CALE
When this is all over, we can hook
up, grab a beer, spend a week in
Cancun.

He jumps over the bed and into the bathroom.

Louisa tries to dislodge the broken pen from the lock.

LOUI SA
Whatever you're doing, stop.

The SOUND of something being wrenched off the wall in the bathroom. Cale steps out with a TOWEL RAIL in his hand.

LOUI SA
Don't make me have to hurt you.

He twirls the thick steel rod around like a NINJA with NUNCHAKUS.

CALE
You're asking yourself - is he a secret drum majorette freak?

Louisa adopts a defensive stance but doesn't close to combat him. The BED is between them.

CALE
Or could he make me ugly with that thing?

The SOUND of banging on the DOOR. The handle being tried and tried again.

LOUI SA
Cancun sucks.

CALE
Don't try to follow.

He ducks back into the bathroom.

INT. CRAWLSPACE

Infra-red CCTV footage of Cale breaking through the ceiling of the "HOSPITAL BATHROOM" and into a low, roof space lined with heating ducts, pipes, wiring, and beams.

MADDOX (O.S.)
Good. False ceiling. The only possible exit route.

The CCTV footage now winds through at FAST FORWARD. Cale dropping into a maintenance corridor.

MADDOX (O.S.)
Well executed. But stupid. Now I know to keep two eyes open for you.

There's an EXIT door. Cale bursts out into...

An INDUSTRIAL UNIT - like a huge aircraft HANGAR. The HANGAR has a block-built building in the center - his HOSPITAL.

ARC-LIGHTS flood on Cale. He's dazzled - blinded.

EXT. ROAD - VAN - NIGHT

A dark VAN with blacked out windows exits an INDUSTRIAL AREA and heads toward a Local AIRFIELD.

In the distance, beyond a chain-link fence, there are small planes and private jets.

INT. VAN (MOVING)

Maddox rides in back with Cale and James.

MADDOX

You worked at Houston Security.
Development engineer. Telecoms
expert. \$120,000 a year. What makes
a good guy like you turn bad?

CALE

Have you seen the price of
Ferraris?

MADDOX

Your 24 hours is up. I know you've
cracked the code. You know I know.
This is a \$900 suit and blood is
not an easy stain to remove.

They stare at each other. Again, it's Cale who backs down.

CALE

I don't have my passport.

EXT. HANGAR - SAME

Louisa follows the van through BINOCULARS.

All around, a TEAM OF MEN dismantle the interior - the area Cale was held, the prefab offices, the comms networks.

INSERT SHOT: of the van pulling up next to an EXECUTIVE JET. James, Cale and Maddox board the plane.

Louisa goes into...

INT. OFFICE

She closes the door, checks no-one is watching.

She takes a piece of paper out of her pocket and unfolds it.

It's the CROSSWORD puzzle she was working on with Cale.

Cale has filled in one of the long clues. Only, he hasn't inserted a word. He's written a number. A PHONE number.

She deliberates a moment, then DIALS.

EXT. MODULAR HOME - SOUTH CAROLINA - NIGHT

A white ENGLISH BULL TERRIER sleeps chained on the porch. The SOUND of a phone RINGING inside.

INT. MODULAR HOME

DIP TAYLOR (50s), sits in his La-Z-Boy sipping beer and watching sports on cable. Despite the gray hair and lined face, he retains a solid physique. Powerful arms.

Twenty years ago he could have put you down with one punch. Now, he'd need two. Maybe.

He doesn't turn from the screen - just reaches over to the table by his chair and grabs the phone.

DIP
(into phone)
Dip Taylor.

The phone CONTINUES TO RING. He looks at it - odd.

Then realizes...

It's SECOND PHONE on the table.

Dip picks it up. A beat then...

DIP
(into phone)
Hello?

LOUISA (V. O.)
(faltering)
Oh hi. Sorry to bother you so late,
sir.

Stone silence from Dip.

LOUISA (V. O.)
I'm calling from a Al's Pizza in
Columbus. A dinner I left his wallet
on the table. I found this number
inside. The wallet belongs to a Mr.
Cale Fallon.

Dip hangs up.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Louisa hears the line go dead.

LOUI SA
(into phone)
Sir?

A MAN knocks and walks in, carrying packing boxes.

MAN
I got to clear this place. The bus
leaves in forty minutes.

LOUI SA
I'm through.

INT. MODULAR HOME - SAME

Dip lifts himself out of the La-Z-boy and into a WHEELCHAIR. He rides it to his bedroom and -

Fills a duffel bag with clothes and money from a SAFE, then grabs a heavily laden BUILDER'S TOOL BAG from a closet.

EXT. MODULAR HOME - NIGHT

Dip loads it all into his pickup, takes a can of gas off the bed, empties it inside the house, lights a cigarette, takes one drag, then tosses it onto the gas-soaked carpet.

WHOOSH - fire in the hole.

Dip unchains the dog. They get in the pickup - Dip sliding across from wheelchair to driver's seat, then folding the chair and stowing it behind. The car is specially adapted to help him.

He guns the engine as the flames take a grip on his home.

He tunes the radio to a rock station and drives away without a solitary glance back.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

An executive jet banks high above the clouds.

INT. EXECUTIVE JET

James reads a book on Middle Eastern politics. Maddox watches Cale. Cale watches the Rockies drift by below.

CALE
 Are you going to stare at me all
 the flight? If I promise not to
 break out of the window will you
 look away?

MADDOX
 I've been watching you since
 Phoenix. Six months ago.

CALE
 You couldn't be more full of shit
 if your ass was sewn shut.

EXT. RANCH, PHOENIX - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A vast Adobe style home. An oasis of lush green lawn in the desert. A twin jet helicopter sitting under a white canopy. Racehorses in the paddock.

MADDOX (V.O.)
 You hit the radar in Arizona. You
 sacked a friend of the Governor.
 Jeb Freedman - the canned fruit
 millionaire.

Through a covered walkway, into a inner sanctum.

MADDOX (V.O.)
 Surgical disaster wife Martha. Sips
 Singapore Slings by the pool.

JEB and MARTHA side by side in the shade, her with a drink and a copy of VOGUE, him with his drink and a telephone.

A giant PINEAPPLE in mosaic at the bottom of the pool. Fruits motifs on sunshades and fabrics.

MADDOX (V.O.)
 Signs six figure checks for the
 Republicans. Counts his new tax
 breaks.

INSERT images from PHOENIX RAIL. A four-year-old boy wanders a suburban neighborhood in tears. A sedan pulls up, a woman ushers the boy into the car.

MADDOX (V.O.)
 Jeb calls his horse trainer.
 Weekend meet at Turf Paradise. Call
 waiting. Jeb swaps lines. Some bone
 in Phoenix. Bagged a kid crying for
 mama.

The kid's wrist has a bracelet with contacts etched on.

MADDOX (V. O.)
Kid has a tag with Jeb's number.

A WOMAN - she's drunk and asleep on a sofa. Curtains are closed. A shaft of sunlight hits a table lined with empty bottles of Mickey's Big Mouth.

MADDOX (V. O.)
Mama is a \$100 swing. Got a mouth for Mickey's and crinkle-cut cock.

Jeb fucking the woman. Paying her. George Washington smiles up from a dollar bill. Leaving her to sleep off her booze while he opens new toys with the Kid.

MADDOX (V. O.)
Hooked her King Pineapple.
Squeezing him for mule George by the month. Jeb has no son. Loves the boy. But all on the QT.

Jeb drives into a near empty parking lot. Woman gets out of a SEDAN to meet him. Wants to see his ID. Jeb and Kid reunited. Jeb introduced to Masters SMITH and WESSON.

MADDOX (V. O.)
Drives downtown. Bang. Busted.

The sedan leads Jeb's car and a CONTAINER TRUCK back to the ADOBE.

INT. EXECUTIVE JET - DAY (NOW)

MADDOX
You split the cash. Put what you can't move fast, or know shit about, into a shipping container.
Art,bling,antiques.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Designer stainless steel and chic industrial appliances.

Malena, Goram, Mays, Kovac, Cale, Duke, and Dip gather around a table, eating the contents of the snack cupboard.

DIP
This is how it is.

INSERT SHOT of the GANG unloading stolen goods by night into a SHIPPING CONTAINER. Dip closing the container doors.

DIP
The shipping computer creates a random 100 number sequence.

INSERT SHOT of a SHIPPING CLERK'S OFFICE. A computer generates a NUMBER SEQUENCE.

DIP
In the sequence is the code.
(to the team)
I give you guys the code sequence.
(to Cale)
When the time comes, I give you the cipher to crack the code, and find where the container is stored.

GORAM
How come Cale gets the cipher?

DIP
478675522010986. What did I say?

GORAM
What?

CALE
478675522010986.

DIP
That's why. Computer wires the sequence to Rose Roy's on Cinega.

INT. ROSE ROY'S TATTOO PARLOUR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Malena on the leather table. ROY, skin covered in body art, tattoos four rows of five numbers near her crotch.

DIP (V.O.)
Y'all get yourself printed with a piece of it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dip has drawn a 10 x 10 grid in a notebook.

DIP
When it's time to split the spoils...

He writes LONG BEACH in random empty squares.

DIP
Show Cal e your piece of the sequence.

Then fills the rest of the squares in with any old letter.
Long Beach disappears into the alphabet soup.

DIP
He puts it together, cracks the code.

The letters become numbers. The numbers swap places in the grid. Layer upon layer of complexity.

DIP
Y' all go get the container, wherever it is that the computer has sent it. Got it?

DUKE
Secret fucking service.

DIP
You can't get shit alone. You have to stick together.

CALE
It's all good.

DIP
Two rules.

Points to Cal e.

DIP
This fuck doesn't see nobody's sequence. Ever. Till we split the container.

Points to DUKE.

DIP
Second. You don't kill anyone.
Ever.

DUKE
If it's self-defence...

DIP
You kill someone it's homicide, you go to the top of the police file.
You rob a millionaire, who cares?

There's a PERIMETER MONITOR sat on the table. The screen graphics show a vehicle arriving at the gate to a large property.

DUKE
Daddy's home.

DIP
This is the only time I tag along.
After this, you're on your own.

They pull on SKI MASKS and take WEAPONS out of concealed bags. They march past the BOUND and GAGGED figures of a MOTHER and her THREE DAUGHTERS. Dip brings up the rear in his wheelchair.

The women sob silent tears.

INT. EXECUTIVE JET - DAY (NOW)

CALE
You know all this? And you work scale for a government pension?

MADDOX
The job has its rewards. I get to shoot bad guys.

CALE
So you got to somebody in the gang.
Get yourself a gummy bear.

MADDOX
I can be very persuasive.

CALE
Thing is, they only gave you half the picture.

MADDOX
That's why you're alive. We'll need a reference number to locate the container at the yard.

CALE stays tight-tipped.

MADDOX
I know that Dip has it.

JAMES
But Dip doesn't answer his calls.

MADDOX

And for a cripple, he's pretty
mobile. The invisible man. We
almost had him in Jacksonville.

CALE

Dip keeps his own company. That way
nobody gets hurt.

MADDOX

Are you protecting him?

CALE

I'm protecting you.

Maddox holds up a posed portrait photograph of a woman
sitting with a little boy.

MADDOX

You can't protect shit.

CALE

That's from my apartment.

MADDOX

Any games on the ground? I have
people watching your sister house.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Executive Jet begins its descent through the clouds.

EXT. MONTREAL, CITY - DAY

A black SEDAN pulls out into traffic. Behind it is a SEMI -
TRUCK with an empty trailer bed. We follow them.

The street sign points to PORT DE MONTREAL.

EXT. PORT DE MONTREAL - DAY

The Black Sedan crosses the bridge.

Maddox completes the SECURITY docket.

The Sedan follows signs down to the CONTRECOUER.

The car and semi-truck drive through a city of SHIPPING
CONTAINERS stacked eight high.

Pull up outside the CONTROLLER'S OFFICE.

Maddox and Cale get out, leaving James at the wheel.

INT. CONTROLLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Raised high above the port on stilts, the office is the epitome of poor working conditions. Steamed up windows, smoke filled rooms.

Two secretaries, two shipping clerks, SUB-STOCKMASTER GUI LLAUME - a gangly man in half-mast trousers. And ARNAUD - the STOCK-MASTER for the Contrecouer section.

Arnaud is from a long line of short burlly French-Canadians. He only takes a gitane out to swig from a coffee cup.

Maddox and Cale enter. Cale approaches the desk and speaks to Gui Llaume.

CALE
I need to collect a container.

GUI LLAUME
Paperwork?

CALE
No.

Guil Llaume looks over to Arnaud, helpless. Arnaud sighs, folds his newspaper, and weighs up the new idiots.

ARNAUD
You got a Reference Number? An RF?

CALE
No, sir.
(switching to French)
The monkey in the suit is busting
my balls to get something out of my
container.

ARNAUD
(switching to French)
Does he speak French?

CALE
He's only fluent in shit and pain.
Is he looking mad?

ARNAUD
Like he's going to cut your dick
off and fuck your ass with it.

CALE
Good. I need to make a call for the
RF. A call he can't listen in on.

ARNAUD
Back office.

Arnaud opens the door in the counter. Cale moves through the desks to a glass walled office at the back. Closes the door behind him. Picks up the phone, winks at Maddox, then turns his back on him.

INT. RENTED OFFICE - DAY

A dark box-room. One table, one fancy looking digital phone on the table. Fancy in that it's hooked up to a palm-pilot type mini-computer. Two rings then a message plays...

PHONE (V. O.)
Press one to record. Press two to forward.

The SOUND of two BEEPS.

EXT. HIGHWAY DINER - DAY

Dip sits in the window seat eating breakfast. He answers a call on his mobile phone.

INT. HIGHWAY DINER

He shovels ham and eggs into his mouth as he talks.

DIP
(into phone)
You've got some talking to do.

INTERCUT DIP AND CALE.

CALE
(into phone)
I know.

DIP
Wherever you're hiding, I'll find you.

CALE
It's not how it seems.

DIP
\$100 million of my plan is sitting on a foreign dock. I don't hear shit for two weeks. Just some bitch thinking I'm Simple fucking Simon.

CALE
I need the first RF.

DIP
Zip that pecker, son. I need answers.

CALE
I've only got questions.

DIP
You've seen the sequence?

CALE
On bodies. With bullet-holes. It took me to Montreal. Alone. The team is dead. FBI, I'm guessing.

DIP
You're with the sons-of-bitches now, right?

CALE
Right.

Dip takes the LITTLE GREEN BOOK out of his shirt pocket, and flips to a page.

DIP
What do they want?

CALE
One item. Won't say what. Won't say who we took it from.

DIP
And if they get what it is they want?

CALE
The rest is ours to split.

DIP
And if I hang up?

CALE
Make sure they play Happy Trai ls by Van Halen at my funeral.

DIP
You start down this road, you don't know where it's going to end.

CALE
I've started. And there's only two places I'm heading. Dead, or rich.

DIP
Maybe I'll just come and get that box myself.

CALE
You know you can't leave US soi .

DIP
It was a good plan.

CALE
We ain't done yet.

DIP
GSU 489/071/403923. Harbour taxes paid. Look on the inside left door.

CALE
Got it. One more thing.

DIP
Yeah?

CALE
Water my plants.

In the LITTLE GREEN BOOK - Dip's finger flicks through pages of code. He rests on a spread - one page entitled DELETE, the other SAVE.

There are six names listed under DELETE: Duke, Mays, Goram, Malena, Kovic and Cale. Each name has a phrase next to it such as "I need a box of Winston" or "I need a box of Marlboro."

Three names are listed under SAVE. Mom, Dad, Adrienne. Again, each has a phrase next to it, such as "Feed the dog," "Cut the lawn" or next to Adrienne - "Water the plants."

EXT. CONTREQUER CONTAINERS - DAY

A crane lifts a CONTAINER onto the trailer bed of the Semi-Truck.

INT. SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Cale watches Montreal go by out his window. Maddox is on the phone. He uses a headset.

MADDOX
(into headset mi ke)
Do you speak French? Get on the
next flight.

He ends the call.

CALE
Louisa?

Maddox doesn't answer, just fixes him with a stare.

MADDOX
You pull one more stunt - I pull
the trigger on your sister.

EXT. YELLOW-PAINTED HOUSE - DAY

A modest rancher with its neat front yard and an old Pinto on the drive. A child's bike leans against the porch.

A line of cars adorns each curb.

Dip doesn't slow his pickup as he drives by.

HIS POV: as he passes a PARKED CAR where TWO SUITS sit waiting, watching.

Dip drives on, turns at the top of the road, then motors back down. He pulls into the space in front of the PARKED CAR, blocking it in.

The DRIVER leans out of his window, pissed.

DRI VER
Hey, buddy, you're blocking the car.

Dip holds up one finger to indicate he'll be one minute. He unloads his wheelchair, swings in, grabs the tool bag.

Wheels up to the side of the car.

DIP
Did you not see the disabled access only painted on the road? Or are you just a pair of fag cocksuckers?

DRI VER
This isn't zoned disabled.

DIP
Let me get you something -

But Dip reached into his tool bag, and already has a SUPPRESSED MACHINE-PISTOL in hand.

Point blank, he SHOOTS the men so full of holes they could be Swiss cheese. If it was red.

He leans in, frisks the nearest corpse for ID.

Finds an FBI BADGE. He pockets it, stows the tool bag, and wheels over to the yellow painted house.

A twenty-something woman answers the doorbell. She's pretty, but unmade up. This is ADRIENNE.

ADRIENNE

Dip?

DIP

Cal sent me. Get little Freddie.
We're leaving. Now.

HER POV: on the GUN held casually on his lap. He's looking down the road. The blood spattering his face and forearm.

ADRIENNE

(calling into the house)
Freddie, come here, baby.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, MONTREAL - LATER

The Semi-Truck is backed into the empty warehouse. James closes the shutters.

INT. WAREHOUSE, MONTREAL

Maddox puts on overalls and slides a ramp up to the back of the container.

Cal sits on an oil drum, waiting.

Pigeons flutter in the rafters. Rain drips through the roof. A car on blocks. An office up steps. Faded centerfolds dot the walls.

The security tags on the container doors are clean and untampered with. There's a heavy padlock on each door.

Maddox crowbars them off, snips the security tags, and swings the doors open to reveal...

An ENVELOPE taped to the back of the left-hand door. Addressed to Cal. Maddox opens it.

Inside - a 10 x 10 number grid.

Maddox slips it into his pocket.

INT. WAREHOUSE, MONTREAL - LATER

The four men have unpacked half of the container.

The warehouse floor is covered with high end electrical equipment, gym gear, couture dresses, carpets, anti-ques, paintings, and sealed packing crates.

Cal brings the last box out.

Maddox has a box cutter knife. Slices boxes open.

CDs are scattered across the floor.

Chinese vases smashed.

Small paintings skinned against the warehouse wall.

Sculptures trashed in puddles.

Items being tossed aside - jewelry, photo albums, cameras.

Cal watches the destruction of his stolen goods.

MADDOX

It's not here. Why would that be?

CALE

I don't know.

MADDOX

You're trying to fuck with me again. I shit you not, you would rather stick your dick in a bacon slicer than me.

CALE

I just steal the goods. Dip packs and ships them.

MADDOX

What's this?

He holds up the piece of paper with the number grid.

CALE

Top of my head - another container.

MADDOX
How many containers?

CALE
Ask Dip.

Maddox gets a call on his cell phone.

MADDOX
Yeah?
(listens; then into phone)
Both of them?

He ends the call. His hand tightens around the box cutter.

MADDOX
Your Fairy Godmother just sprinkled
Pixie Dust over two of my men.
(to James and Driver)
Hold him.

The two burly men lift Cale off his feet.

Maddox goes behind and takes one of Cale's feet like a cowboy would hold a horse's hoof.

He slices off the laces, tears off the shoe, and peels down the sock.

MADDOX
You've led me on a merry dance. Be
under no illusion - your disco days
are over.

He uses the box cutter knife TO SLICE a large X into the sole of Cale's foot, from toes to heel.

Cale bites on the agony.

James and the Driver drop him. He crumples onto the wet floor and reaches down to his slashed foot. The concrete becomes slick with his blood.

MADDOX
Take him to the motel. I haven't
finished.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Low key, low rent.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM

A BANDAGED foot. The bandage is blood-soaked. A woman's hand unwinds it.

CALE lies on his back in the bathroom with one leg raised straight up. Louisa stands over him, inspecting the foot.

The bandage is off. The deep gouged X looks ragged and rank. Dry blood, bruising, fresh blood.

LOUI SA
This will hurt.

She pours hydrogen peroxide over the wound. It FLICKERS as it touches raw flesh, and froths as it kills infection.

CALE
Jesus...

She sprays iodine on, staining it brown.

Louisa kneels by the bath with bottles of ointments and dressings.

CALE
Your boss has a problem with anger.

LOUI SA
This will need stitching.

She goes into the bedroom.

LOUI SA (O. S.)
Two of his men died.

CALE
Hey, it's a start.

LOUI SA (O. S.)
He wasn't expecting a second container.

She returns with catgut and needle.

LOUI SA
I'm not good at this.

CALE
I know. Your bedside manner sucks.

LOUI SA
You'll have a scar.

CALE

I coul d've been a contender.

She closes the wound wi th sti tches. He wi nces.

LOUI SA

Sorry.

CALE

What's he looking for?

LOUI SA

That's not your concern.

CALE

He smashed up hal f my take. It's in
my fi nancial i nterest to help.

She pads the i njury wi th cotton wool and straps i t wi th a support bandage.

LOUI SA

Don' t put any wei ght on i t for 12 hours. You' ll live.

CALE

I 'm not counting on i t.

She helps him up onto his good foot. He has to lean on her for support. Maybe too much. But she i sn't pulling away.

LOUI SA

Do you remember everythi ng you' ve stol en?

CALE

Not unless i t was a bunch of numbers.

LOUI SA

It' s a box. Bl ack metal .

CALE

Nope.

LOUI SA

About the si ze of a laptop.

CALE

What's i nside?

LOUI SA

I don' t know.

CALE
Sure. Oh, you dropped an earring.

She blushes. Touches her bare ear.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

CALE rests on the bed with a heavily bandaged foot.

Maddox and Louisa sit to one side, watching him.

CALE looks at the paper with the number sequence.

CALE
I know where this is. Thailand. A village called Fuck You. It's fake code.

Maddox hands over the real sheet of paper, with the real sequence.

CALE
Your blind date is a trip to France.

MADDOX
France is a big country.

CALE
If I get there alive, I'll narrow it down.

Maddox and Louisa get up to leave.

LOUISA
Walk before morning, the stitches will split. Run, you'll bleed to death.

MADDOX
There's no crawl space. There's a man outside your door and window.

There's a TELEPHONE by his bed. Maddox and Louisa are by the door.

CALE
You forgot something.

He snatches up the phone, rips out the cable, and throws it into the wall across the room. It SMASHES into fifty pieces.

CALE
Pick up your bug on your way out.

On the debris of wires and electronics from the smashed phone on the floor -

Maddox fixes him with a stare that would freeze steam, then locks the door behind him.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - LATER

Cal e hops over and retrieves the TELEPHONE PIECES.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - LATER

Cal e sits with the covers draped over his head like a teenage tent. He has the bedside lamp under there for light, and all the components from the phone spread out.

He picks out a BUG.

Then reconstructs a telephone device from the broken parts.

He plugs it into the wall socket. And touches the number zones on the mother board with a PAPER CLIP.

INT. RENTED OFFICE - DAY

A dark box room. One table, one fancy looking digital phone on the table. Two rings then a message plays...

PHONE (V. O.)
One to record. Two to forward.

The SOUND of one BEEP.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A 737 heads toward the dawn.

INT. CUSTOMS, FRANCE - DAY

Maddox approaches the immigration desk with 4 passports.

Behind him, James and Louis flank Cal e.

A nod from the OFFICIAL waves them through.

Maddox carries a HEAVY BLACK BAG. It has DIPLOMAT stenciled on it in several languages. And a FLAG with a CRESCENT MOON.

EXT. FRENCH ROAD - DAY

An MPV powers down the autoroute from Charles De Gaulle.

A RIG pulling an empty flat-bed trailer swings in behind them. The DRIVER flashes his headlights.

EXT. HARBOR, LE HAVRE, FRANCE - DAY

The MPV leads the Rig along the docks.

INT. MPV (MOVING)

Maddox, Louisa, James driving, and Cale. Maddox on his cell phone.

MADDOX
(into phone)
Sequence two spells out Le Havre.

He hangs up. Hands the phone to Cale.

MADDOX
Get the container RF.

CALE
Good to see you working on your
sense of humor.

Cale takes the phone.

CALE
Pull over. You can listen, but you
can't look.

EXT. AUTOROUTE - DAY

The MPV pulls over. Cale gets out. Maddox follows close behind.

Cale scrolls through the cell phone settings.

All names in the SIM are retained by just their initials. AT, AV, BB, BL, BM, CF, DK, DP etc. He finds LS and brings up the number on screen.

MADDOX
What are you doing?

CALE
I forgot the international code.

MADDOX
Zero zero one.

Cal e cal l s.

CALE
I 'll need to delete this number
afterwards. You understand that?

MADDOX
You understand I 'll be able to
trace it in an hour anyway.

CALE
You understand he won' t be at this
number then.

EXT. COMMERCIAL OFFICE, LE HAVRE DOCKS - DAY

Cal e, Maddox and James wait by the MPV.

THREE ALGERIAN-LOOKING MEN wait by the Rig.

Louisa comes out of the office with a sheet of paper.

LOUISA
A crane operator will meet us over
there.

EXT. LE HAVRE CONTAINERS - LATER

The Container is guided onto the Rig's flat-bed.

The MPV and Rig crawl through a city of containers, like a
Manhattan of metal.

INT. MPV (MOVING) - DAY

MADDOX'S POV down an aisle. A BLUE CAR keeps pace with them.

Maddox has the Diplomatic Bag at his feet. He reaches in and takes out three semi-automatic pistols, handing one to James and Louisa.

Louisa reading her sheet of paper - a map of the depot.

LOUISA
Next right.

James makes the turn. The Rig follows.

CALE
 What have I got that you want? The
 I launch codes to our nukes? Secret
 formula for Coke?

MADDOX
 You're sweating.

James just catches a GLIMPSE OF ORANGE as he passes a side aisle. Then...

WHAM!

A fork-lift truck SLAMS into the MPV at speed. The FORKS puncture the door, one piercing James' gut just above his belt, the other smashing into the engine block.

James spews BLOOD as he empties his GUN at the driver of the fork-lift - killing him.

Maddox spills out of the MPV. Louisa drags Cale clear.

The ALGERIANS in the Rig jump down. Each is armed.

Above everyone, a CRANE swings a CONTAINER. Suddenly...

Silence.

James is in several shades of deepest pain. Maddox puts an end to the giant's suffering with a HEAD SHOT.

The ALGERIANS scan the depot but nothing moves, save the crane and the seagulls.

Then, three ENGINES. Revving fast. Speeding closer. SQUEALING tires. Echoes pingi ng off high metal walls.

Louisa jams her gun into the back of Cale's neck.

MADDOX
 He moves? Kill him.

Louisa prods Cale into the Rig. The ALGERIANS spread out.

MADDOX'S POV as the blur of a RED CAR streaks past.

An ALGERIAN steps out into the aisle - a car approaching fast, but from where? The SOUND comes from everywhere.

SCREECH. A WHITE CAR spins out - searching for grip, finding it, and delivering 350hp toward the ALGERIAN.

SLAMS into him.

TWO HANDGUNS bl aze as Maddox empties his clips into the occupants. He reloads on the run.

A bl azing gun battle now between the red, white and blue cars and Maddox's team. Bullets fly, sparks fly, car parts fly, debris flies, CRASH, BANG, WHAM, BLAM thank you, ma'am.

Louisa prods Cale into the driving seat of the Rig.

LOUI SA
Dri ve.

Cale fires it up and CRUNCHES into GEAR.

The Rig lurches forward. A BLUE CAR burns past.

Algerians 2 & 3 are hunkered down, taking pot shots at the fleeting gl impses of BLUE and RED speeding by.

Maddox sees the Rig pull away. He calls to the Algerians to follow him after it.

There's another CONTAINER swinging from the CRANE ARM as they pass beneath. The cables are released.

It crashes down. At the last millisecond - Cale swerves hard.

Maddox and Algerian #2 grab onto the back.

Cale floors the gas. A long clear straight. The RED and BLUE cars dead ahead. They hit reverse.

Chased down the aisle, they hand-brake turn into safe alcoves as the Rig THUNDERS PAST. Then surge into pursuit.

The Rig scrapes along metal container walls, SPARKS, drums and packing crates crushed.

Maddox hangs on with one hand and shoots. Bullets pepper the windshield of the BLUE car. The OCCUPANTS return fire.

Algerian #2 is HIT. He falls on the hood of the RED CAR, and SMASHES through the windshield.

Maddox skirts around the SIDE of the Rig's container. Cale edges toward a wall to try and scrape him off.

A mountain of containers dead ahead. Maddox is almost at the Rig door. Louisa leans out of the window to help.

Cale reaches across and grabs her gun hand. A volley of bullets SHOOT UP the interior.

Cale abandons the wheel and grapples for the gun. The Rig lurches out of control, almost wiping Maddox off the side.

The gun falls onto the floorboard.

The Rig hurtles straight for a wall of CONTAINERS. 100 meters and closing.

Louisa looks from the wall of containers, down to the gun, and back up to Cale. 75 meters.

Cale smiles. 50 meters. She pushes him aside and steers to safety. He gets the GUN.

CALE
Pull over.

She stops at the EXIT while the barrier is lifted. Maddox, outnumbered, is bundled into the BLUE CAR.

A FRENCH GUY with a gun climbs up into the Rig and pushes Louisa across toward Cale.

LOUI SA
You don't know what you're getting into.

CALE
Let's find out.

EXT. HARBOR, LE HAVRE, FRANCE - DAY

Algerian #3 enters a CALL-BOX by the docks.

ALGERIAN #3
(in Arabic; subtitled)
The American has the container.
Send a recovery team.

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

The Rig and BLUE CAR pull into the courtyard of a fine old Chateau. Solid oak gates are closed behind them.

THE FRENCHMAN (50s) waits on the Chateau steps. He wears a dressing gown over pyjamas. His long hair tied back, an imposing man.

He has an army of toy dogs YAPPING around his slippers. Where he goes, they go, like a living carpet.

Cal e leads Louisa down from the Rig at gunpoint. Maddox is hauled out of the blue car. They have their hands secured with plastic wrist cuffs.

Cal e pops the combination locks on the container. Levers the door and retrieves the ENVELOPE pinned to the back of it. Inside - a new number sequence.

The Frenchman signals his men to unload the container.

Louisa and Maddox are pushed down onto their knees on the gravel courtyard.

Cal e slips the number sequence into his pocket.

Louisa watches. Her blank face is impossible to read.

The Frenchman ushers Cal e inside.

INT. CHATEAU, PARLOUR - DAY

Controlled decay. Tiled floors, 17th C furniture. Part home, part antique store.

The Frenchman lounges on an overstuffed sofa.

A dour MAID pours coffee. The Frenchman feeds himself and his dogs with pieces of dunked croissant as he speaks.

THE FRENCHMAN
Dip and I go back. La Legion. We take all the container as payment, and give you \$50,000.

CALE
Is that what's agreed?

THE FRENCHMAN
It's what will be.

The GIRLFRIEND of The Frenchman walks through, also in her dressing gown. They don't speak or look at each other as she passes - merely touch with outstretched fingers.

CALE
You lost some men back there.

THE FRENCHMAN
For their mothers, they have been dead a long time. For the others, the cut is bigger.

INT. CHATEAU, LIBRARY

Calé is in a room lined with leather-bound books. There are photographs from The Frenchman's Foreign Legion days. On one, Calé can make out the young Di p.

He has a view of the courtyard through the window.

Maddox and Louisa are still on their knees, heads bowed. One guy stands guard over them.

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

Louisa and Maddox still kneel in the courtyard with their heads bowed. It's RAINING. They're soaked. Their guard stands behind them, gun in one hand, umbrella in the other.

INT. CHATEAU, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Calé sets up a pair of NAUTILUS SPEAKERS, linked to the world's greatest MUSIC SYSTEM.

CALE

The rich - they eat better, breathe better, fuck better women, and this is the nut.

The Frenchman and his Girl friend recline on a chaise lounge. Behind, the remains of a fine meal on a dining table.

CALE

You play this CD on my home stereo, you hear the music. On theirs, you hear the musician.

The CD slides in. The music PLAYS. Like you're on stage. Glasses dance on the table. Calé takes his outside.

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

Calé crouches in front of Maddox and Louisa, lights two cigarettes, and puts one in Maddox's mouth.

CALE

We smoke the same brand.

The music booms out of the CHATEAU.

CALE

If it's any consolation, your black box isn't in this container either.

Maddox glances at Louisa.

CALE

This kneeeling down gig doesn't stop
 'til morning. That's when Le Fumer
 arrives. He runs a smokehouse.
 Slices thin strips of meat and fish
 and cooks them over juniper coals.
 He has special knives. When the
 time comes, it's OK to scream.
 Better still, talk. Even better
 still, talk now. What's in the box?

Maddox blinks him. Louisa mouths the word HELP.

EXT. CHATEAU - MORNING

Maddox and Louisa are still kneeeling, though shaking with
 cold and exhaustion. The rain has stopped.

The Rig has gone. A table has been set up before them.

LE FUMER is a small, precise man. He wears a white apron over
 a three piece suit.

The Frenchman sips coffee and smokes. Cale eats a cream
 cheese bagel with slices of smoked salmon.

Le Fumer lays out his array of knives. You don't even want to
 be in the same time zone as these things.

CALE

What's in the box?

Le Fumer sets a tray of smouldering coals in front of Maddox.
 Over it, he stands a rack, like a clothes horse.

CALE

OK. Take up his sleeve.

The GUARD moves to cut Maddox's jacket sleeve off. But...

THE FRENCHMAN

No. He won't talk. He'd enjoy it.
 Do her.

CALE

She doesn't know anything.

THE FRENCHMAN

She knows pain.

The Guard moves behind Louisa. He cuts off her SLEEVE at the
 shoulder, and rips it off her now bare arm.

CALE
 (to Maddox)
 You're a sick bastard if you let
 him do this.

Le Fumer selects an implement like a vegetable peeler. The cold steel rests against her trembling flesh.

The Girl friend of The Frenchman walks up behind Louisa. The Guard steps forward to hold Louisa still.

A SCREAM rises and scatters the birds from trees all around.

A sliver of FLESH is draped over the smoking coals.

The Guard has his hand over Louisa's mouth.

Maddox has his eyes closed.

CALE
 You can close your eyes, but you
 can't close your ears. Pain always
 finds a way in.

Maddox opens his eyes and stares at Cale. Defiant.

CALE
 What can be worth all this hurt? A
 bomb? A virus? A cure for cancer?

The Frenchman signals to Le Fumer.

THE FRENCHMAN
 Encore.

Louisa's eyes go wider. She struggles, but is too weak to resist. Maddox looks at the flesh being smoked on the rack.

MADDOX
 It's not a bomb.

All eyes, all ears are on Maddox.

MADDOX
 But if it gets out, it'll blow the
 world apart.

CALE
 What's in the box?

Maddox struggles to his feet.

MADDOX
 I want coffee. I want a cigarette.
 I want a chair. And I want this
 shit out of my face.

He KICKS OVER the smoking apparatus away. GUARDS cock weapons. Louis is face down and being wrapped in a coat.

MADDOX
 Shoot. You're all dead anyway.

CALE
 What's in it?

MADDOX
 A video.

CALE
 I don't see the world blowing apart.

MADDOX
 You haven't watched it.

Maddox is marched up the steps.

Cal pockets a KNIFE from Le Fumer's box.

INT. CHATEAU, DINING ROOM - DAY

Maddox wears fresh clothes. He eats under armed guard.

CALE
 Who do you work for? CIA? FBI?

MADDOX
 Help me get the video. Or I've your life looking over your shoulder.

CALE
 I'm a thief. You think I sleep well?

MADDOX
 Do you love your country?

CALE
 It's full of people with too much money and not enough security. Of course I love my country.

MADDOX

The world does not love America.
 Other countries fall into three
 camps. They need America. They hate
 America. They want to destroy
 America.

CALE

What's on the video.

MADDOX

A senior figure of the White House
 staff.

CALE

Saying something they shouldn't be
 saying. Doing something they
 shouldn't doing. Being somewhere
 they shouldn't be?

MADDOX

All three.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A guy in combat jacket, wild hair, skin that hasn't seen soap
 in days, nervous. Really nervous. This is BRIAN (20s).

He feeds a card into the BOX, connects his call and takes it
 out. The CARD is a fake AMEX with high tech frills.

BRIAN

(fast; into phone)

Mr. Jones? Brian Hegland, I work at
 your Austin plant in R&D.

INT. HOUSTON MANSION - SAME

MARKHAM JONES (50s) reclines in his leather and chrome home
 cinema. His shirt is unbuttoned and his eyes are wild.

Hardcore porn plays on the cinema screen. And two BLONDES
 entertain each other on the floor.

Jones has a hands-free phone because his hands are busy.

JONES

(into phone)

Nope. Don't know you. Good-bye.

INTERCUT BRIAN HEGLAND AND MARKHAM JONES

BRIAN
No no. Please. You've got to
listen.

JONES
Call the Samarians. They give a
shit. Then call the employment
agency. You're so fucking fired.

BRIAN
I've found gold dust. It makes the
Paris Hilton tape look like Bear in
the Big Blue House. It's hot, man.

JONES
How hot?

BRIAN
It's scaring the shit out of me.

JONES
Who's the star?

BRIAN
I can't say. People listen. I don't
even want to think it too loud.

INT. HOUSTON MANSION - LATER (FLASHBACK)

On the screen, CCTV footage of a HOTEL SUITE.

BRIAN (O. S.)
We installed IT for the hotel
chain. The data streams from
security cameras to our safe site.

The camera POV shows the giant bed.

BRIAN (O. S.)
I put my own dot cams in the top
suites. Astronomical. Electro-mag
sensitive. If they sweeps for bugs,
they switch off. Disappear.

JONES (O. S.)
We make those?

BRIAN (O. S.)
I make those.

JONES (O. S.)
Smart.

BRIAN (O. S.)
A sniffer on the pipe routes the
dot cam streams to drives at my
place. Best I had was some sick
shit with a champagne bottle and a
football player. Till this. Here he
comes.

A MAN walks over to the bed. The footage is grainy. He wears a tux. He takes off his jacket and loosens his tie. He unzips his pants and sits on the bed.

JONES (O. S.)
Happy Birthday, Mr. President.

The PRESIDENT of the United States of America has his hand in his pants and rubs himself.

JONES (O. S.)
Jesus Christ, he's jerking off.

BRIAN (O. S.)
It gets better.

JONES (O. S.)
It's a fake.

BRIAN (O. S.)
I shit you not.

JONES (O. S.)
It's a fake.

BRIAN (O. S.)
I got 2,000 pixel lines says it's
the Leader of the Free World.

A WOMAN enters the bedroom. The PRESIDENT calls her over. She kneels before him.

JONES (O. S.)
She's smoking his cigar. Look at
his face. Go, dog, go.

She lies on the bed and he's between her legs.

BRIAN (O. S.)
He gets my vote for this move
alone.

The President fucks her. She has her legs wrapped around him. His hands on his waist, like he's posing for a catalog.

JONES (O. S.)
Total tush desecration.

BRIAN (O. S.)
He's going for the reverse double gut crunch, and the crowd goes wild.

ANGLE on BRIAN and MARKHAM JONES watching, transfixed.

JONES
Who knows?

BRIAN
Nobody. You. Me.

JONES
Copies?

BRIAN
One hard disk. You think I'm burning shit for e-bay?

JONES
This is a triple platinum earner.

BRIAN
I see me cruising the Gulf in a Predator 75 with Miss February licking my ass and Miss June choking on my wiener.

JONES
Play this wrong, we'll be wiped from the earth. Our families, everyone who knows us. They'll dig up our dead Grandmas and shoot them too just so we ain't got a chanceable gene on the planet.

BRIAN
We just sell to the news networks.

JONES
Have you got any idea what's headlining right now? The biggest move to peace the Middle East has ever seen. They got Arabs promising to be good. Israel is promising to be good.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)
 The President promising to be good.
 But we've got the President being
 very, very bad.

BRIAN
 I guess it fucks the schedule.

JONES
 This is America saying fuck you.
 You see who he's fucking?

BRIAN
 It don't look like the First Lady.

JONES
 It's the wife of Prince Mohammed Al
 Baqdar, richest oil sheik in the
 Middle East.

BRIAN
 The Pres bagged himself a Persian
 Babe.

JONES
 If this plays on Al Jazeera it'll
 be snowing 747s on every city in
 the West.

BRIAN
 How do you know it's her?

JONES
 You're a geek. You read Geek
 Weekly. I'm the top of the pyramid.
 I read other stuff.

He holds up a copy of TIME magazine. Its cover - The
 PRESIDENT shaking hands with PRINCE MOHAMMED AL BAQDAR.
 Behind the Prince is his wife, the woman in the video.

INT. CHATEAU, DINING ROOM - DAY (NOW)

CALE listens intently to Maddox.

MADDOX
 Your call.

CALE
 I'll get your box.

MADDOX
 Good.

CALE
But I go alone. We'll meet in Miami
in seven days. The Raleigh Hotel.

MADDOX
No.

CALE
OK, you choose the hotel.

MADDOX
You don't go alone. You take one of
us.

CALE
This is no time to worry about your
frequent flyer miles.

MADDOX
It's for your safety.

CALE
I can arrange my own protection.

MADDOX
Mine won't cost you your next
container.

He walks around the table to be next to Maddox.

CALE
Give me your hand.

As Maddox offers his right hand to shake, two GUARDS pounce
and hold him down. Cale takes the extended right HAND. He has
the KNIFE he took off Le Fumer.

He SLICES a deep X across the palm.

CALE
Think of me next time you jerk off.

The Frenchman watches from the doorway. As Cale passes...

THE FRENCHMAN
Do we kill him?

CALE
I don't know if he's full of shit
or just 95% full of shit. The FBI
gets those who get theirs. Your
call. I'm on the next plane out of
here. You should be too.

A nod from The Frenchman.

INT. CHATEAU, BEDROOM - LATER

Cal e has clothes laid out on a bed, and a small case.

The Girl friend comes in with Louisa. They are the same size.

The Girl friend lays an armful of clothes over a chair and closes the door behind her on the way out.

LOUISA

How do you want to do this?

CALE

Carefully.

He steps toward her. She unbuttons her blouse.

He lifts his hands to her hair but waits before he touches it. Waits for her to signal it's OK. She nods.

His hands sink deep into her tresses. Searching fingers roaming over her scalp, down her neck, behind her ears.

She slips off the blouse and unhooks her bra. She covers her breasts with her hands. He traces the line cut by her bra under each breast with his thumb.

He lingers a moment too long, her nostrils flare oh so slightly. He pulls away. Nods.

She hooks the bra back, and steps out of her shoes. He checks inside, checks the low heel. She unzips her skirt and lets it fall while he's still crouching by her feet.

His eyes wander higher. She has a tattoo about six inches below her navel. It's HINDU script.

LOUISA

It says heaven above, heaven below.

CALE

Thanks.

LOUISA

I should be thanking you.

EXT. CHATEAU, COURTYARD (FLASHBACK)

Maddox and Louisa kneeling. Le Fumer stands behind her with his peeling knee.

The Guard blocks Maddox's view of Louisa.

He puts his hand over her mouth. Their eyes connect. The Girl friend appears by Le Fumer. She SCREAMS.

Le Fumer takes a slice of fresh PIGLET skin from inside his jacket, and lays it on the SMOKING RACK before Maddox.

INT. CHATEAU, BEDROOM (NOW)

Calé packs. She brings her things and layers them in the case with his clothes.

CALE

When I get the box, remind Maddox I
kept him alive. I don't want my
retirement fantasy in Fiji fucked
by a bullet.

LOUISA

You've got it all figured out.

CALE

This is not my usual game.

LOUISA

It shows. You don't know the
pieces. You don't know the rules.

CALE

I'm just rolling the dice.

LOUISA

Double six you get another turn.

CALE

What did I throw?

She spins the case and snaps the clasps shut.

INT. HI-TECH OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE UP on a COMPUTER SCREEN.

A 100 number sequence. 10 rows of 10 numbers. Each number turns into a letter. Rattling through the alphabet. Occasionally, random words appear.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

It's alphanumeric. Letters for
numbers. Like the U-Boat codes.
Let's say 1 = A. 2 = B and so on.

Every number 1 turns into a letter A etc. A graphic passes over to find words, like word-search puzzle-book.

MALE VOICE (0. S.)
Never reads Montreal. Up down,
backwards, diagonal, whatever. So
there's a rogue in there.

The letters turns back to numbers.

MALE VOICE (0. S.)
A number personal to the breaker.
Lucky number. Birthday. Cale was
born 26th of October. 2 and 6 makes
8. There are 8 eights in the
square. 8 letters in Montreal.

All 8s light up.

MALE VOICE (0. S.)
Make eight a C for Cale. Continue
the Caesar cipher. The next letters
above, below, around spell . . .

All the numbers become letters again, following an
alphabetic path where 8 = C, and so 9 = D, 0 = E and on
back to 1 = F etc.

MALE VOICE (0. S.)
Jack shit. It's eight letters but
not the ones we need. October is
the tenth month. Skip ten letters
after each C and . . .

The tenth letter after each C spells MONTREAL. All other
letters disappear. MONTREAL redraws in the center of screen.

MALE VOICE (0. S.)
Show me the next sequence, I'll
show you where he's heading.

WIDER, we see the hi-tech office environment. Muted lighting.
The CIA logo on the wall.

MALE VOICE (0. S.)
We get the reference code, he's
waking up to an empty box.

CIA AGENT BOB EDMONDS (40s) watches over the shoulder of the
CRYPTOGRAPHER.

AGENT EDMONDS
 Cal e's father worked at Charleston
 seaport. It's as good a place to
 hack files as any. Look for clients
 shipping to Montreal and Le Havre.

INT. AIR FRANCE, BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT

A STEWARDESS mixes two Vodka Mules and hands them to Cal e and Louisa.

They watch the same seat-back movie, wearing headphones.

Cal e takes his off and looks out of the window at a CRESCENT MOON hanging above the clouds.

CALE
 The bad guy always gets caught.

LOUISA
 That's Hollywood. Ever hit LA?

CALE
 You tell me.

LOUISA
 I don't have access to your whole file.

Their eyes lock a moment.

CALE
 Only once. Too dangerous. Everyone shoots at shadows. News shows pump up the fear. A billion dollars a day on security. There ain't that many bad guys on the planet.

LOUISA
 The world's getting scarier.

CALE
 No. It's just getting more scared.

LOUISA
 LA?

CALE
 Movie producer. Uses an escort service for man love on the QT. I had a patch on his line. Every Tuesday he'd call 1-800 Suck Dick.

(MORE)

CALE (CONT'D)
 We send Duke up to the house in
 tight pants. Movie guy glazes over.
 Pleasure turns to pain when Duke
 sticks nine millimeters in his face
 instead of nine inches.

She smiles. Sips her drink. Twirls the ice around with the
 cherry on a stick. Sucks the vodka out of the cherry.

LOUISA
 How's the foot?

CALE
 Like someone inflated it.
 (slugs his drink)
 This helps.

LOUISA
 I should change the dressing.

CALE
 Here?

She looks over to the LAVATORY.

LOUISA
 There.

CLOSE UP on the ENGAGED SIGN lighting up.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM

It's a tight squeeze. Louisa locks the door and the light
 flickers on.

Their faces are inches from each other.

CALE
 How do you want to do this?

LOUISA
 Carefully.

She kisses him. Their mouths lock as they feast on pure
 passion.

Her hands tug at his zipper. He MOANS. Her other hand
 silences him.

She hitched her skirt higher, pushes him onto the commode,
 and lowers herself slowly onto him.

CALE
 Who do you work for?

LOUI SA
Ssshhh.

She tears open a large band-aid and tapes his mouth shut.

INT. AIR FRANCE, BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT

Cal sleeps, eye-mask on. Louisa leaves his side and sneaks behind the curtain into the GALLEY.

INT. GALLEY

The STEWARDESSES prepare snacks.

STEWARDESS
Can I help you, ma'am?

LOUI SA
I need to get a message off the plane.

STEWARDESS
I'm sorry, ma'am, but...

LOUI SA
Quote the Captain security code
F. B. I. Do you have a pen?

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM (FLASHBACK)

Louisa and Cal joining the mile high club. Her hand deftly slides into his pocket and takes out the torn PAPER with the latest number sequence.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY (NOW)

A computer screen displays rapidly changing chat-room messages - ten, twenty, thirty per second. Words on the e-messages flagged up in red blocks.

SALE. CONTAINER. USA. \$\$. CALE. VIDEO. PRESIDENT. WAR.
ARABS. WAR. USA. WAR.

An ANALYST logs the data. Agent Edmonds is with him.

ANALYST
We have a leak.

AGENT EDMONDS
Who's writing this?

ANALYST
Everyone. Rumor sites. Conspiracy
chat rooms. Spook cells.

AGENT EDMONDS
Dip?

ANALYST
Could be.

AGENT EDMONDS
Have our insertion team primed and
standing by at Andrews. Time to
bring him in.

An AIDE hands Edmonds a sheet of paper.

AIDE
Sir, this came for you.

It's a new sequence of 100 numbers.

INT. AIR FRANCE, BUSINESS CLASS - NIGHT

Louisa slides back into her seat next to Cale.

She kisses him. Runs her hand along his thigh. He smiles behind the mask.

She slides her hand into his pocket. He grabs her wrist. Lifts his mask. Peels her fingers apart. Her hand is empty.

EXT. AIRPORT, CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA - DAY

The plane lands.

INT. CUSTOMS

Cale and Louisa walk.

Cale is suddenly surrounded by BIG SOUTH AFRICAN MILITARY, and herded under protest into an ANNEX.

GUNS are thrust in his face. He is brought to his knees by a nightstick to the gut, and dragged away.

Louisa shakes hands with the OFFICER-IN-CHARGE and is afforded an altogether different welcome.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

Cale looks out through the tiny barred window toward Table Mountain. He is unshaven. The rap of a tin cup on metal.

Cale turns to the GUARD standing beyond the cell bars.

The Guard pushes a food tray through the hatch.

CALE

I've been here a whole fucking day, now. I'm American. I have rights.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Cale lies awake on a bare mattress. Approaching FOOTSTEPS.

The door is unlocked. A lean, tanned man enters - it's Agent Edmonds.

He carries a HARD BRIEFCASE and a folding metal chair. Sits by the bed.

AGENT EDMONDS

Cale Fallon? Bob Edmonds. CIA. My apologies for keeping you waiting.

CALE

Whose side are you on, Bob?

AGENT EDMONDS

How's your foot?

CALE

I'm pulling out of the Olympics.

AGENT EDMONDS

Is there anything you need?

CALE

A beer. A shave. A one-way ticket to Maui.

Edmonds takes two packages out of the CASE and stands them on the floor.

CALE

It's not my birthday.

AGENT EDMONDS

This package contains a kilo of Semtex. It will be found in your luggage. You'll get the next flight to Camp X-Ray where you'll be butt-fucked by every Taliban inmate for the next three years. Then we'll ship you over to Afghanistan to be reunited with your girl friends.

CALE
What's the bad news?

He hands a CELL PHONE to Cale.

AGENT EDMONDS
I want the RF for the container
that's here in Cape Town.

CALE
What's in it for me?

AGENT EDMONDS
The package on the left. It's a
full pardon. From the President.

CALE
When do I get out of here?

AGENT EDMONDS
You have a suite booked in the
finest hotel in Cape Town.

CALE
I can go where I like?

AGENT EDMONDS
You'll be under House Arrest until
I secure the objective.

Cale dials the cell phone.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - SAME

Louisa watches Cale and Edmonds on CCTV.

She can hear both Cale and Dip's voices.

CALE
(into phone)
Hey, what's up?

DIP (V.O.)
(over phone)
Adrienne and Freddie are safe.

CALE
That's good.

INT. SMALL DARK ROOM - SAME

Dip sits in near darkness, lit only by a darkroom light. He wears a headset and night goggles.

DI P
 (into headset mic)
 The guy you took the video from,
 down in Houston?

EXT. STAIRWELL OF A RUNDOWN OFFICE BLOCK - SAME

SIX MARKSMEN from a TACTICAL ASSAULT SQUAD glide into position on the stairs and along the HALLWAY like black ghosts. Hand signals, body armor, face masks, machine pistols, attitude.

CALE (V.O.)
 Yeah?

INT. HOUSTON MANSION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The naked and flayed body of MARKHAM JONES hangs by chains across the blood-spattered screen in his HOME CINEMA.

DI P (V.O.)
 Dead.

EXT. CHATEAU, COURTYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Frenchman crawls out to the steps, his body riddled with bullets, his dogs YAPPING at unseen assailants.

DI P (V.O.)
 Same for the Frenchman.

Maddox stands over him and ends his crawl with a FINAL SHOT in the back. Maddox climbs into the back of an BLACK CAR.

DI P (V.O.)
 The shi pyard?

EXT. CHARLESTON SHI PYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

FEDERAL AGENTS take computer hardware out of the administration building.

DI P (V.O.)
 Fucked.

INT. VIEWING ROOM (NOW)

Louisa watches Cale on CCTV.

DI P (V.O.)
 But I got the last container away.

EXT. STAIRWELL OF A RUNDOWN OFFICE BLOCK

A MARKSMAN slides a listening device under a DOOR. He hears...

CALE (V.O.)
They're listening.

DIP (V.O.)
They gonna kill you. All you got is
the time from now 'till they get
what they want. RF is EFX/56/7887T.

The MARKSMAN nods to the rest of the team, who now silently hunker around the door.

INT. HOLDING CELL

CALE
(into phone)
Got it.

EXT. STAIRWELL OF A RUNDOWN OFFICE BLOCK

A MARKSMAN counts down - 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

BLAM. The DOOR is BLASTED OPEN.

INSERT SHOT OF: DIP, jolted, surprised by the sudden noise...

Two Marksmen in the DOORWAY lit up by the muzzle flash from their weapons as they redecorate the room with lead.

INT. HOLDING CELL

The line goes dead at Cal's end...

CALE
(into phone)
Dip?

INT. SMALL DARK ROOM

A Marksman sweeps a flashlight around the now silent room.

We see that it is small and EMPTY.

Apart from a bullet-ridden table, and a relay phone device that has now been shot to component parts and less.

INT. BUNKER - SAME

Dip takes off his headset. Reaches down to his feet and strokes his dog.

EXT. APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

A barely visible slit in the hillside - a letter-sized viewing hole - to the expanse of wilderness.

The ultimate bolt-hole.

EXT. FINE HOTEL, CAPE TOWN - DAY

The busy harbor - a sixth floor balcony.

INT. FINE HOTEL, SUITE

Expensive trappings, natural shades with African flourishes. Cale paces. Louisa works on a laptop.

LOUISA

Relax.

CALE

With a double agent for company?

LOUISA

Everything is under control.

CALE

You're government?

LOUISA

I'm one of the good guys.

CALE

Working with Roberts?

LOUISA

Uh-huh.

CALE

So Maddox isn't CIA?

LOUISA

He works for an extremist group that wants to overthrow the Presidency and put their own puppet in the White House.

CALE

You didn't answer my question.

LOUI SA
You're in safe hands.

INSERT SHOT of AGENT IN SUIT walking through hotel grounds. He passes a WOMAN carrying beach bag. Smiles at her. She takes a silenced MAUSER from beach bag and FIRES one slug through his skull from behind.

LOUI SA
We have ten agents around the hotel.

INSERT SHOT of AGENT in elevator. An AFRICAN BUSINESSMAN steps in. Elevator doors close. Two floors up, elevator doors open. African Businessman steps out. Agent lies dead.

LOUI SA
We're flying more in today.

INSERT SHOT of THREE CIA TEAM in HOTEL KITCHEN. They look worried. They check weapons and communications systems. An argument among the CHEFS distracts them.

LOUI SA (V.O.)
The airports are covered.

From across the kitchen, a knife flies and skewers a CIA MAN in the back. He turns and lets fly a volley of silenced MACHINE PISTOL. PANS and FOOD and the PASTRY CHEF are ripped apart. AFRICAN ASSASSINS wielding MACHETES swarm in. The CIA MEN are hacked to pieces.

LOUI SA (V.O.)
And if we need more firepower,
we've got the Niimitz class carrier
rounding the Cape.

ON LOUI SA'S LAPTOP - a warning flashes - code yellow. After a couple of seconds, it returns to green. Louisa dials base.

LOUI SA
(into phone)
Eagle's nest to base camp, come in.
(no response)
Eagle's nest to base, come in.

She goes to the SUITE'S double doors. Opens them. Outside, two GUARDS.

LOUI SA
(to guards)
I can't raise Charlie. See if you guys have any luck.

As she closes the doors, one guard takes out his radio. At the end of the hotel corridor, the elevator doors open.

INT. FINE HOTEL, CORRIDOR

A TALL ARAYAN-LOOKING MAN in a suit, with a long flat flight case steps out of the elevator.

A fat black MAID pushes her HOUSEKEEPING cart along. She stops at a door. KNOCKS. Enters with her pass key, and pulls the cart inside.

Arayan Man walks past the Maid and stops at his room. He takes a long look down the corridor.

At the far end, the two Guards outside a room.

Arayan Man slips into his room.

INT. SUITE - LATER

Cale watches a wildlife program. It shows a SEAL being chased by a GREAT WHITE SHARK.

Louisa checks her watch.

LOUISA
What will you do when this is over?

CALE
I have a meeting with one of your
bullets. Beyond that? No plans.

LOUISA
I'm here to protect you.

CALE
Edmonds is taking his time at the
container yard.

INT. CORRIDOR

The Maid pushes her cart toward the Guards.

MAID
Housekeeping.

GUARD
Later.

She pulls a SILENCED MAUSER from under a towel.

INT. SUITE

Louisa turns to the door at the SOUND of a CRACK. She sees the bullet hole at head height and the trickle of red below it.

POP. POP. Two more holes appear.

She pulls her gun and backs Cale into a corner from where she can cover the door and the balcony.

LOUISA
Maddox.

INT. CORRIDOR

Arayan Man comes out of his room, minus the flight case. The Maid raises the silenced Mauser and POPS a bullet between his eyes from 25 yards.

INT. SUITE

Louisa closes the balcony doors and draws all the curtains.

CALE
There's only one way out of this.

LOUISA
I'm listening.

She's packing away her laptop into a neat and chic backpack carry-case.

CALE
I open the door and walk out.

LOUISA
What?

CALE
Maddox wants the RF so he needs me alive. No one's going to shoot me. Not yet.

LOUISA
And me?

CALE
You run.

LOUISA
It's not a good plan. We can hold out till Agent Edmonds gets back.

CALE
What if he isn't coming back?

Louisa considers it.

LOUI SA
I'm not letting you go. I need you.

CALE
You?

LOUI SA
We.

Cal e steps up to the door. Louisa blocks him.

CALE
You had ten men around this hotel.
And bullets are coming through our
door. It's not looking good.

LOUI SA
I'll be right behind you.

CALE
(calling outside)
I'm coming out. Al one.

No answer.

CALE
I'm unarmed.

He reaches for the door handle.

LOUI SA
What if they already know the RF?
What if they got to Dip? What if
they're here to kill you?

CALE
You thought of that just now, or
have you been saving it up till the
time was right?

He pulls the door ajar. He can see out into the CORRIDOR. He
can see the BODIES of the dead GUARDS just outside.

CALE
I'm stepping out.

As he does...

... there's a gun at his head. The Maid standing by the door gestures for him to move all the way out.

CALE
Shoot me, or take the gun from my head.

Louisa has a bead on the door. BLAM. The bullet slams through the wood and connects with the MAID'S HAND, blowing away the gun she's holding and half her fingers.

LOUI SA
Go!

Cal e hobbl es down the CORRIDOR for the ELEVATORS.

The Maid tries to pull the GUN from the shoulder holster of a dead GUARD. But Louisa is upon her. BLAM. Dead MAID.

Louisa catches up to Cal e. The AFRICAN BUSINESSMAN appears at the end of the corridor, reaching for a concealed weapon.

Behi nd him, the elevator doors OPEN.

Louisa SHOOTS through the lock of a guest room door and pushes her way inside. Cal e is rooted to the spot looking down toward the elevator.

Toward the WHITE-SUITED FIGURE stepping out. Stepping out and smiling right back at Cal e. A big smile for a big man.

INSIDE the room, Louisa SHOUTS for Cal e to RUN.

The AFRICAN BUSINESSMAN draws a cumbersome weapon. FIRES it at Cal e.

But instead of spitting bullets, he shoots DARTS ON WIRES.

As the DARTS find Cal e, so too does 50,000 volts. The ELECTRIC BLAST sends him sprawling onto his back.

Louisa has gone.

The AFRICAN stands over Cal e. And now the BIG MAN in the white suit, too. As the big man crouches down, his suit pants ride up to reveal a number sequence tattoo on his ankle.

Cal e, losi ng consciousness...

CALE
Duke?

DUKE
Well come to the fun-house.

INT. DUSTY CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

A man drives.

DUKE in the passenger seat. Has a GUN trained on Cale - unconscious behind him.

Duke slowly SQUEEZES the trigger.

WATER squirts out and hits Cale in the face. It's a WATER PISTOL. He squirts him again. Cale's hands are tied with plastic cuffs on his lap. The cold water wakes him.

CALE
You're dead.

DUKE
I am arisen.

CALE
You sold me out.

DUKE
I cut you in.

CALE
We're all dead because of you.

DUKE
I had a choice: die poor, or save my friend and make us both rich. Didn't have to think long about it.

CALE
You sorry piece of shit.

DUKE
I got \$25 million with my name on it. I'm sorry all the way to Hawaii.

CALE
Where's Louisa?

DUKE
You got the same coming. 25. If you play ball.

CALE
Where is she?

DUKE

There you go. Complicating a no-brainer. Bitch or scratch? We'll find her. But don't hold no candles. She won't be so pretty when we're through.

CALE lashes out with his feet. Kicks DUKE, catches him unaware. DUKE blocks the next blows.

He grabs CALE by the shoulders and holds him steady. CALE BUTTS HIM in the mouth.

Duke spits out blood, then puts an end to CALE's fight with a GUT PUNCH that would floor an elephant.

DUKE

The world turns. Your CIA friends are all DOA.

INSERT SHOT of AGENT EDMONDS and two other AGENTS standing on a PALLET as a FORK-LIFT raises them up to the third tier of containers.

DUKE

Maddox says CIA stands for Complacent Insular Assholes. Whatever that means.

INSERT SHOT of EDMONDS opening the container doors. Empty inside, except for Maddox. He steps from the shadows and lays waste to the AGENTS. Bullet casings and bodies rain down.

DUKE

We stripped the container. The black box wasn't there. So it's down to the wire. The last container. It's good to see you.

CALE

What have you done?

INSERT SHOT of number sequence being cracked into the name of a PORT. The name is revealed as HONG KONG.

DUKE

The right thing. We have the number sequence. You have access to the RF. The team is back.

CALE

The team is lying in a morgue.

DUKE
I'll ask the same thing Maddox
asked me when I signed. Do you
trust our leaders?

CALE
Are you for real? Shot dead in
Ojai. Comes back as Michael fucking
Moore.

DUKE
Do you trust them?

CALE
I don't trust anyone.

DUKE
This is the start of the New
America. We backed the Jews. We got
war and bagels. We back the Arabs,
we get oil and peace.

Duke squirts water in his mouth from the GUN.

DUKE
It's so simple it bites your ass
and says wake up, you dumb fuck.
Think about it.

CALE
I can't. It hurts.

EXT. CAPE TOWN, ROOFTOP - DUSK

Louisa battles against a raging wind and the roar of engines.
She shouts into her cell phone and huddles into an alcove
between heating ducts.

LOUI SA
(into phone)
Requesting back-up. Tracking Eagle
1 but need maximum support. How
much? Everything you've got.

Ending the call, she crouches low and runs out across the
rooftop to the waiting HELICOPTER.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Duke drags Cale out of the car and marches him down the pier.
At the end is a LUXURY MOTOR YACHT. The Arab-looking crew
have white uniforms and MACHINE PISTOLS.

CALE
 This will not have a happy ending
 for you. Everyone else involved is
 dead or waiting to be dead.

DUKE
 Everyone else was on the losing
 side.

Three burly CREWMEN come down and bring Calé aboard.

There are enough COMMS DEVICES, SAT DISHES, and COMMUNICATION
 MASTS on the yacht to broadcast the SUPER BOWL.

CALE
 The hell is this, a TV station?

DUKE
 You see what this baby is packing,
 your dick ain't going down for a
 week.

The crewmen cast off. The yacht pulls away.

EXT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT (MOVING) - NIGHT

TWO CREWMEN frisk and strip Calé.

DUKE
 The full glove, man. Rules is
 rules.

They inspect every last inch of his body manually.

DUKE
 OK, girls, he's clean. Fun's over.

But the crewmen produce electronic SCANNING DEVICES. They
 scan his whole body. Even his bandaged foot.

They make him lift his foot up and SCAN the sole. A BEEP.

DUKE
 What is that?

CALE
 It's where your boyfriend gave me a
 box-cutter kiss.

The crewmen cut away the bandage to reveal the stitched
 wound. They run the SCANNER over it. A stronger BEEP.

DUKE
Something's wrong with your foot,
dude.

Duke takes out a knife and probes into the WOUND.

CALE
The fuck are you doing?

DUKE
Keep still.

Cal e creases over in agony. The point emerges with -

DUKE
A tracking device, in an earring,
in a foot. That's one resourceful
bitch.

He flicks the earring overboard.

DUKE
Swim, Nemo, swim.

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - NIGHT

An LCD computer SCREEN. The outline of the coast. A RED DOT marks Cal e's position just out to sea.

The RED DOT fades.

Louisa studies the screen, grimly.

LOUISA
No.

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Duke opens a door into the opulent SALOON.

Maddox is at the round table, smoking a cigar. Duke leads in a fully dressed Cal e, with newly bandaged foot.

A glimpse of another MAN in the shadows. Watching.

CALE
(to Maddox)
No matter how many times I flush,
you won't go away.

MADDOX
Sit down. We have a forty minute
ride.

CALE
 (to the man in the
 shadows)
 We haven't been introduced. Cale
 Fallon.

The MAN steps forward. A distinguished Arab gentleman and extends his hand.

PRI NCE MOHAMMED
 Mohammed Al Baqtar. Wel come aboard
 my ship.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The yacht cuts out to sea at its highest rate of knots.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Prince Mohammed lights a cigar. Maddox sits forward like a lion on a leash. Duke snacks on pretzels.

CALE
 Where are we heading? I hear this
 coast has great beaches.

MADDOX
 South.

CALE
 South is Antarctica. Way over forty
 minutes.

MADDOX
 South is a freighter. Guess what's
 on board, hero.

CALE
 Ni ntendos.

DUKE
 I mi ssed this guy.

MADDOX
 No. The code sai d Hong Kong. Onl y
 ship headed there from Charleston
 was the Excel si or. Owner is a Greek
 fri end of his Highness.

PRI NCE MOHAMMED
 He moves oil for me.

CALE

It's just one big happy terrorist family.

MADDOX

Now the *Excelsior* is at anchor waiting for us to board.

PRINCE MOHAMMED

We cannot change the world. But we can change the world order. Who is rich, who is poor. Who has power, who has none.

CALE

Presidents come and go every four years. Nothing changes. Whoever you vote for, the government gets in.

MADDOX

Everything changes.

PRINCE MOHAMMED

You are the key to our success. I want you to share in it. And its value will be counted in billions.

Cal e considers his options.

CALE

So I play ball, I get a cut of X billion dollars?

PRINCE MOHAMMED

Yes.

CALE

And if I play hardball?

MADDOX

You don't.

CALE

Dip's gone to ground. Getting the last RF will be tough.

MADDOX

You've got thirty eight minutes. Take him to the bridge.

Duke leads Cal e outside. When they have gone, Prince Mohammed signals to Maddox.

PRI NCE MOHAMMED
Don't kill him till we have the
video.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The HELICOPTER drops lower until it is just a few feet above the swell.

LOUISA (V.O.)
Last contact point.

INT. HELICOPTER

Louisa looks up from her laptop screen.

LOUISA
What's on radar?

The radar screen is peppered with dots.

PILOT
Forty, maybe fifty boats out here.

LOUISA
What's the big one?

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT, BRIDGE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Cal's face has the dancing reflected lights of computer graphics across it.

He's at the mother of all communication systems. State of the art telcoms for the serious international playmaker.

CALE
Cool fish finder.

DUKE
They broadcast TV, radio, Internet.
Mostly raghead shit. Satellite
powered. Just remember, all calls
are monitored for training
purposes.

Cal dons a headset and types into the computer. Duke introduces a young AFRICAN GEEK sitting at the next console.

DUKE
This is Djemba. He's tracking your
moves.

DJEMBA
What are you doing?

CALE
Routing a call through different international exchanges and closing the doors to slow your trace long enough for Dip to reconfigure his end once the call connects. It will take some wrong turns.

The SOUND of a DIAL TONE followed by several rapid tonal beeps. Then a DEAD TONE.

CALE
For instance.

DJEMBA
The Taiwan pipe had a fire. It's out for 12 hours.

MADDOX
You have thirty four minutes.

Cal e tries different communication routes. The SOUNDS of DIALING, DEAD TONES, EMPTY RINGS.

INSERT SHOT: of Cal e scrolling through Maddox's phone numbers on his cell in France. LS followed by a number.

Cal e routes his next call. Screen graphics show the passage of the call via international exchanges. Then the line ends.

DJEMBA
Signal bounce.

CALE
Give me a minute.

DJEMBA
He's into an East Coast encryption box.

MADDOX
Meaning?

DJEMBA
I don't know what he's doing.

The DIAL TONE, the RING, the CONNECTION.

CALE
 Cal e Fal l on requesting Dip Taylor.
 4182.

The DEAD TONE.

CALE
 Shi t.

DJEMBA
 I don' t like this.

CALE
 You think I 'm having a party?

Maddox rests the blade of his knife against Cal e's neck.

MADDOX
 Where can I carve an X that will
 hurt more than your foot?

CALE
 Your ass?

Maddox presses harder.

CALE
 Back off, I 'm busy.

Maddox relents.

MADDOX
 (to Dj emba)
 I want to know what he just did.

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - SAME

Louisa's pager BEEPS. She checks the LCD readout. 1 message.

She plays it.

MESSAGE (V. O.)
 Cal e Fal l on requesting Dip Taylor.
 4182.

She runs the number 4182 through a decoder on her PALM PILOT. It decrypts to HELP. She allows a smile.

LOUISA
 (to pilot)
 Show me the radar picture from
 before.

He brings up the HEADS UP graphic.

LOUI SA
Overlay the picture right now?

A second graphic lays on top of the first. She follows the movement of the smaller dots. One is moving toward the immobile large dot.

LOUI SA
Plan B.

She taps numbers into her phone.

EXT. OCEAN - USS NIMITZ AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

The giant carrier and its flotilla of support vessels -

INT. NIMITZ, BRIDGE

A JUNIOR OFFICER brings the OFFICER ON WATCH a message.

JUNIOR OFFICER
Sir, a request for back-up from a
US agent active in the area.

OFFICER
What does he want?

JUNIOR OFFICER
She wants a code 347.

OFFICER
Under what authority?

JUNIOR OFFICER
The President. Sir.

He hands over a computer printout. The OFFICER rocks on his heels as he reads.

JUNIOR OFFICER
Would you like me to wake the
Captain?

OFFICER
Yes.

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT, BRIDGE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Cal takes a gulp of coffee and cracks his knuckles.

DUKE
You can do it, man.

CALE
I know.

Cal e assaul ts the keyboard agai n.

DJEMBA
Whoa. He's loggi ng i nto the
broadcast systems.

CALE
I 'm usi ng the hi gher powered
satelli te to bounce the si gnal .
Standard practi ce.

On Cal e's screen - the routi ng graphi c shows a green li ne al l the way.

CALE
I 'm in.

INT. BUNKER - SAME

Dip lights a ci garette. Watches a bank of TV screens. Assembl ed from Radi o Shack sal e i tems. Nothi ng matches, but everythi ng i s functi onal .

DIP
(i nto headset mi c)
I ai n't tal king on a li ne. If you
wanna chat, chat.

He closes the cal l .

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT, BRIDGE (MOVING) - NI GHT

The green li ne goes red. Cal e logs onto the Internet.

CALE
Dip logs onto a conspi racy chat room.

He types and posts a message: REQUEST FINAL RF, URGENT. IF POSSI BLE. Cal e pushes hi s chai r away from the screen.

CALE
Get me when he posts a repl y. I
need some air.

Maddox gestures for Duke to follow Cal e.

INT. BUNKER

Dip flicks through his little green book of codes.

Two letter words: OF, IS, IM, AS, IF...

Finger moves across to definition: IF = Incoming File.

EXT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Duke and Cale sit facing the boat's wake.

CALE

How come you're still breathing?

DUKE

I deliver. They owe me.

CALE

You worked so long at the meat plant, you can't smell bullshit anymore. If it comes down to Maddox or me, what then?

DUKE

It won't. Here. One for the album.

He slips his camera-phone out of his back pocket and snaps a shot of himself with Cale.

Djemba pokes his head out on deck.

DJEMBA

You've got mail.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The HELICOPTER spears out toward the hulking black shape of a freight ship.

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT, BRIDGE (MOVING) - NIGHT

On the computer screen - the chat room. A new thread, password activated.

Cale takes a seat. His fingers tap dance the password. The thread box opens.

The message reads: HPGLLYDULN0t1.

MADDOX

That doesn't look like an RF.

CALE
It's just a plain old code.

MADDOX
Transl ate.

CALE
Hapag Li oyd. You' ll know the one.

DUKE
Hapag Li oyd is a shi ppi ng company.
Bri ght orange contai ners.

MADDOX
How wi ll you know the one?

CALE
It' ll have a neon si gn sayi ng Here
I Am.

EXT. OCEAN - NI GHT

The gi ant shi p looms large over the yacht. On board,
thousands of contai ners. It's the EXCELSIOR.

The yacht pul ls al ongsi de. A ROPE LADDER drops down from the
Excel si or. Maddox urges Cale to the ladder.

MADDOX
Watch your step.

They cl i mb aboard, al ong wi th Duke and two armed CREWMEN.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, DECK - NI GHT

The Asi an crew of the EXCELSIOR keep a respectful di stance.

The deck i s pi lled four hi gh, ei ght abreast, and twenty-si x
al ong wi th contai ners. 640 i n total . And twi ce that number
more i n the hold.

DUKE
There must be forty of these orange
boxes.

They wal k down the starboard si de. Cale assesses each orange
HAPAG LL0YD contai ner they pass.

Cale stops. They are at a corner of the contai ner stack. He
leans agai nst the guard rai l and looks out to sea.

CALE
\$25 mi ll i on each?

DUKE
That's the deal, right?

MADDOX
Right.

CALE
I need a cigarette.

Duke lights him one.

CALE
It's right behind you.

MADDOX
What's the sign?

CALE
Look at the consignment code.

Below the numbers is a stencil. It's a DOG'S HEAD. A WHITE ENGLISH BULL TERRIER.

DUKE
Dip's dog.

He turns to Cale with a big old okey smile. A smile that sours the second Cale stabs him in the FACE with the lit CIGARETTE.

Cale whips the GUN from DUKE'S pants and has it cocked and pointed at Maddox at pretty much the precise moment that Maddox has his own GUN cocked and pointed at Cale.

The armed CREWMEN lock and load their MACHINE PISTOLS.

DUKE
Christ.

MADDOX
Put the gun down.

CALE
Yeah, right.

DUKE
We both know you won't use it.

CALE
Try me.

Duke slips out a SECOND GUN from a leg holster. He puts the muzzle is against Cale's cheek.

DUKE
Qui t fucking around.

MADDOX
Like I said, smart si ts on my si de.

Cale lets the GUN swing loose in his gri p. Duke leans over and takes it. He gestures to the burn on his cheek.

DUKE
Lucky i t wasn' t my good si de, bro.

BLAM!

A BULLET rips through DUKE' S HEAD.

LOUI SA crouches atop CONTAI NERS and now takes aim at Maddox. But he' s fast. Fires up as she fires down. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bul l lets slam into the deck, one punches through the chest of a CREWMAN, others ping off metal forcing Maddox to run for cover.

Cale throws open the container doors, DIVES INSIDE just as Maddox takes a parting shot at him. BULLETS wang off the door.

Cale steals a glance at Duke --

CALE
Now you' re dead.

Louisa covers him from her turkey-shoot posi ti on, pi nning Maddox and his Crewmen on deck.

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT

Prince Mohammed recl i nes i n his stateroom wi th BLONDES, but his i nterest wanders to the GUNFI RE.

He pul l s on his dressing gown and opens the door to a concerned Crewman.

CREWMAN
Someone' s shooting at us on the
Excel si or, sir.

PRI NCE MOHAMMED
Then go and shoot back.

INT. CONTAINER

A sliver of light from the coming DAWN reveals the container is neatly stacked along two walls with a narrow aisle down the middle for access.

Cal e checks all down one side - feeling rather than seeing - judging shape and texture. Nothing fits the bill. He tosses items aside with disregard for value.

The GUN-BATTLE continues outside. He keeps one eye on the door, just slightly ajar.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, DECK

Louisa takes out the last of the Crewmen. Maddox is hunkered behind a bulwark, reloading. Louisa drops down to the DECK.

Maddox spots she has gone from her perch.

INT. CONTAINER

Cal e still rifling through the contents. Suddenly, the DOOR is flung OPEN. A silhouette with a GUN.

LOUISA
Move it.

He pushes a painting aside. There, behind it, is the black enamel METAL BOX.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, DECK

Maddox rolls and looses off another volley at Louisa at the container door. She ducks around the corner.

More CREWMEN from the yacht climb aboard.

INT. CONTAINER

As bullets PING OFF the container, Cal e grabs the METAL BOX.

CALE
Cover me!

In a loping crouch, he's out on deck. A BULLET hits the BOX and frags into his arm.

He keeps a hold on his prize with his one good hand, and disappears around the container - following Louisa's lead as she lays covering fire. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

LOUI SA
Down here.

She pushes him into a GAP between containers. A natural
al cove where they hide - close - confined - pressed tight
together again - a KISS - urgent.

CALE
You pick your moments.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, DECK - DAWN

Crewmen searching the top of the CONTAINER STACK - under
tarpaulins, behind odd units, flashlights making spook shapes
out of nothing as the swell rocks the ship.

EXT. ALCOVE BETWEEN CONTAINERS

Louisa makes a call on her cell phone.

CALE
If you're ordering pizza, hold the
pepperoni.

LOUI SA
(looking Cale over)
You need a hospital.

CALE
I got a nurse. How'd you get here?

Her call connects.

LOUI SA
Helicopter.
(into phone)
Code 347 is aborted.
(listens; then)
Damn.

She ends the call and changes a setting on her phone.

CALE
That didn't sound like Domino's.

LOUI SA
It was a US warship about fifty
miles South East. I've set a phone
beacon. We have two in-bounds.

CALE
Inbounds...?

LOUI SA
Harpoon missiles. Homing in on this
signal in T minus five minutes.

CALE
And you did that because. . . ?

LOUI SA
I couldn't risk Maddox taking the
box.

CALE
So you're going to blow us all out
of the water?

LOUI SA
Uh-huh.

CALE
And that seems like a good plan?

LOUI SA
If we're somewhere else when the
missiles arrive.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

2 HARPOON MISSILES skim the surface - hell bent for their
distant target.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, CONTAINERS - NIGHT

Louisa lodges the CELL PHONE/HOMING DEVICE between two
containers.

CALE
I've got a better idea.

Suddenly, lights shaft down onto them. Voices from above.

LOUI SA
Too late.

She puts a BULLET in the first head that looks down, then
makes her move down the GAP and out toward the deck.

LOUI SA
The bridge. Come on.

Cal e hangs back between the containers.

LOUI SA
What are you doing?

Cale finds the energy to follow her, clasping hold of the METAL BOX with one hand.

They move along the dark side of the containers to the stern.

A hand reaches over and SPRAYS A RANDOM VOLLEY of machine-gun fire. BULLETS dance around them, urging them along.

EXT. OCEAN - SAME

The twin missiles speed mercilessly to their target.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, DECK - NIGHT

As Louisa nears the end of the container stack, a sudden movement to her right freezes her to the spot.

A HAND snakes out from a bulwark - holding a GLOCK. Maddox's hand.

MADDOX
Far enough. The gun.

She drops it. Cale leans against the side of the ship, exhausted.

CALE
Touch her, the box goes over the side.

MADDOX
You'll be dead before you lift your arm.

Crewmen aim down at Cale from the top of the stack to back up Maddox's claim.

MADDOX
Lay it on the deck.

CALE
Let her go first.

MADDOX
Go where? We're in the middle of the fuckin' ocean.

Cale suddenly throws the METAL BOX at Maddox.

It hits him square in the head, pitching him sideways.

Louisa scoops up her GUN and makes for the bridge. Bullets HIT the metal stairs as she takes them three at a time. Crewmen chase after her.

Maddox rolls on top of Cale. Rams the GLOCK into his face.

MADDOX

Part of me is sad to end this. You have been one onerous bastard. I respect that. You heard of Captain Fetterman?

CALE

Don't tell me a story. Just shoot if that's what gets your dick hard.

BLAM! BLAM!

Two shots. One near. One far.

The first bullet PUNCHES through Maddox's shoulder and sends him rolling off Cale.

The next, a split second later, blows half Cale's ear off as it erupts from Maddox's gun.

His Glock is locked back on an empty chamber.

From the DARKNESS, two more SHOTS. One takes out a Crewman, the second DANCES by Maddox.

Wounded, Maddox grabs the METAL BOX and takes cover.

One last look at Cale. Maddox makes a FINGER GUN and mock shoots him before staggering off the ship.

The remaining Crewmen follow him off the Excelsi or.

Cale lies back. His world a POV of the stars above, the sky turning from black to a mid blue with the sunrise over the other side of the ship.

And the INFERNAL RINGING in his good ear.

Louisa crouches over him.

She shouts at him but he can't hear a thing.

Trying to lift him, but he's an exhausted dead weight.

EXT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT - NIGHT

Maddox steps on board.

MADDOX
Cast off.

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT, BRIDGE (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Prince Mohammed looks up from the COMMUNICATIONS CENTER as Maddox strides in.

PRI NCE MOHAMMED
You have it?

Maddox lifts the lid on the BLACK BOX. Inside, a GOLD CD/DVD.

DJEMBA
Satellite link ready.

Prince Mohammed takes the CD/DVD out of the foam inside the black box and lays it gently into the tray of a player.

PRI NCE MOHAMMED
Gentlemen, I give you the end of
Western Civilization as we know it.

The tray sucks into the player.

On-screen graphics display a READY message.

Then change to an image of the PRESIDENT walking into his HOTEL ROOM. Crystal clear.

DJEMBA
You can watch it through as I
upload the system for broadcast.

A crewman administrators first-aid to Maddox. He and the Prince exchange nods of a job well done.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, DECK - SAME

The Yacht speeds away from the container ship.

Louisa is more urgent now, trying to drag Cale to the side. He's laughing.

LOUI SA
Get your ass moving.

CALE
Duke. Phone. Back pocket.

LOUI SA
What?

CALE
Go.

LOUI SA
There's no time.

Cal e's shaking his head.

CALE
Go!

She looks at him as if he's crazy enough now to get them both blown to pieces.

CALE
Trust me.

She runs around the containers to Duke's body. Rolls him over. Slips the phone out of his back pocket.

EXT. OCEAN

The MISSILES homing in on the Excel si or.

The container ship grows from toy size to life size as the missiles streak toward it.

Then bank ever so gently. And alter trajectory oh so slightly. And -- WHOOSH -- past the prow of the Excel si or.

EXT. WYNDHAM EXCELSIOR, DECK

Cal e punches a number into Duke's phone.

LOUI SA
(looking at the screen)
That's my cell number.

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT, BRIDGE (MOVING) - DAWN

Djemba furiously taps at his console keyboard.

DJEMBA
There's something wrong with the upload routing. It's not gone to a known server. We can't broadcast till I find it.

A twitch from Maddox's facial muscles. He turns slowly from the TV monitors at the MUFFLED SOUND of a CELL PHONE ringing.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Dip working at his computer. He clicks a file labeled 1F.

The PRESIDENT/ARAB WIFE video comes on his screen. He hits RECORD.

DIP
The Lord giveth. The Lord taketh away. The Lord giveth back. With interest.

INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT, BRIDGE (MOVING)

Maddox follows the sound of the RINGING to its source - the METAL BOX.

Lifts out the thick FOAM INNER.

Beneath it is Louisa's cell phone - STILL RINGING.

On the screen - a solitary X.

A brief puzzled look, then --

MADDOX
I hate that prick.

EXT. EXCELSIOR, DECK - DAWN

The missiles veer away from the container ship.

Calls to Louisa again.

CALE
Boom.

Behind them, a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

FLAME rising into the red dawn sky as the LUXURY YACHT is hit. They watch the flame grow in the sunrise.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Cal and Louisa sit side by side.

His head is strapped with a dressing over his ear.

The stewardess serves them cocktails.

Cheers.

LOUI SA
Here's to going straight.

CALE
A hundred new millionaires made in America every day.

LOUI SA
Your record has been wiped clean.

CALE
Too much money. Not enough theft.

LOUI SA
Stop that. Luck can't last forever.

CALE
What can?

She kisses him. Loving.

LOUI SA
We have an intern program for reformed criminals with certain... skills.

CALE
Can you afford me?

LOUI SA
You saved your country from having to fight World War 3. There'll be some loose change for your salary.

CALE
No interview?

LOUI SA
You already passed the physical.

CALE
I think I can improve on my last results.

She follows his eyes to the restroom.

FADE OUT.

THE END